Zepp. "frightfulness" has begun again. *Be sure to sign our Free Insurance Coupon, page iii of cover.*

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXI. No. 564. | SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered as the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 187001

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

This Week's LEADING ARTICLE

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BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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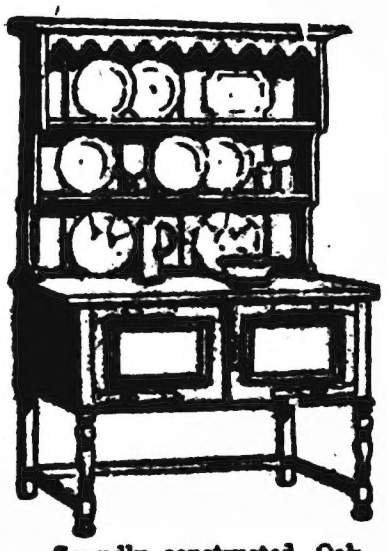
Country Orders packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.



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It seems something akin to a miracle when Deaf people can be made to hear again words spoken in as low a tone as that adopted in ordinary conversation, yet there is nothing miraculous about the Stols Electrophone, which restores the faculty of hearing to the Deaf.

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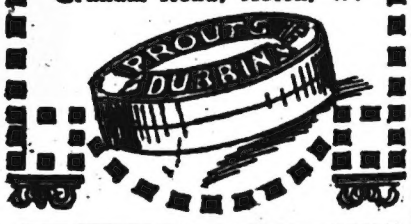

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The Advertisement Guarantee is on page iii of cover.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXI. No. 564. Week ending Saturday, March 24th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Ireland.

All is not well with Ireland, and the position of Mr. Redmond is one of great and ever-increasing delicacy. He is *compelled* to oppose the Government, being as helpless against the Sinn Feiners as President Wilson is against the German and Irish population of the United States.

Sinn Fein Again.

A little crowd of Sinn Feiners solemnly left their Chelsea art studios during the week to join in the next "Irish Rebellion." One clever black-and-white artist thoughtfully made his will before leaving for Dublin.

The Tsar's Surrender.

Whatever you may have seen in the daily papers to the contrary, it is the fact that the Tsar's train *was* held up; and the Tsar *was* captured by the rebels.

An Outpost of Revolution.

And how much of Russia's revolution was hatched in London? A certain house in Bloomsbury, where the couriers of M. Miliukoff have been constant callers for the past three months, could probably supply the answer.

The Old Hand.

However much people may differ as to his qualities as statesman, nobody can doubt that Mr. Asquith is still far and away the ablest parliamentarian in the House. It was his skilful addendum to the Cotton resolution which saved the situation.

The Little Men.

By the way, we hear of great disappointment amongst the newer lights of the late Ministry over the attitude of the ex-Premier towards the new Government. "Playing the Game" to them means only one thing—the Party Game.

"With a Pound of Tea."

Apropos of the custom of refusing to sell sugar and other kinds of food unless the purchasers buy something else as well, the *Sporting Times* suggests that the time is coming when "Mr. Bottomley and Mr. Hulton may refuse to sell newspapers unless readers buy a racehorse at the same time." Speaking for ourselves, we are contemplating *giving* one with each copy.

Awkward!

It was just a little embarrassing, when speaking at Sheffield the other week, to find "Mr. Bottomley, of the War Savings Committee," down there too. It was not *our* fault that so many people mistook us for our namesake—and came to *our* meetings instead of his.

Hospital Ships.

Whatever else the Government may do in regard to other vessels, surely there is no valid reason why they should not put half-a-dozen German officers on every hospital ship?

Labour and Leicester.

Official Labour had its little troubles in the week. Hodge and Roberts were to speak at Leicester on National Service. Then they were told that, if they came, the local I.L.P.-ites would turn the meeting into a "Ramsay Macdonald" demonstration. Hodge and Roberts kept away in the interests of policy and peace. They should have bearded them.

K. of K.

Remarkable, isn't it, how the public resents any kind of slur upon the memory of Lord Kitchener? All honour to Sir George Cave for his timely tribute: "The impression left on my mind is the picture of a great warrior—quiet, resolute, obstinate—almost stubborn, if you will, but still one of the greatest figures of our time. . . perhaps one of the greatest figures in history."

Speaker Elect.

It is just that quality of judicial mind, coupled with an unbending sense of justice, which has singled out Sir George as the inevitable successor to the present Speaker—another great personality of our times—when he vacates the Chair.

A Wicked Couple.

According to the *United Methodist*, "Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Bottomley" are concerned in "a deeply-laid and ceaselessly pursued project to abolish democracy and liberty as the ruling forces in these Islands, and to set up an oligarchy," etc. Wait for the "Business Government Handbook," and then "see." By the way, *are* Methodists "united"?

An Explanation.

Again, we notice that we are frequently referred to as one of the Northcliffe Press men. We were not aware of it. Up to the present, we have not had the honour of contributing to any of his Lordship's papers. Our critics must try again.

Unclaimed Bank Balances.

When *will* the Chancellor of the Exchequer take his courage in his hands and tackle the bankers on this question? We have before us the Annual Canadian Report dealing with dormant accounts, and find that during the past year the amount was increased by many thousands of pounds; and if the bankers in a comparatively new country have already accumulated a huge sum, what *must* be the position of affairs in Britain?

Our Zeppelin Insurance is quite free and covers absolutely all risks. Sign Coupon, page iii. of Cover

Bagdad.

Evidently Mr. Steel Maitland, Under Secretary for the Colonies, does not wish the British public to go wild with enthusiasm on account of Bagdad. "It is a long way from London to Tipperary," he says, "but it's a damned sight farther from Bagdad to Berlin." He is right. Bagdad has fallen; but it is just as well to continue reminding ourselves that the war is still with us and the potatoes aren't.

Floury Ware.

Greengrocers have been fined for charging more than 1½d. per lb. for potatoes. If the greengrocer has paid more than 1½d. a lb. to the wholesaler for those tubers, why is not the wholesaler docked and dealt with? From another point of view, consider this:—"The largest potato grower in the Isle of Wight was fined £10, and handed over to the military as an absentee." The man, we understand, is 42 in May, and is claimed as indispensable to the Island because of his extensive cultivation. But the police took him from the market.

Brutal Blunders.

It seems that the cruel scandal of the official "calling up," through clerical blunders, of men who have already given their lives at the Front, is still unremedied. The latest case reported to us is of quite recent date, a neighbour writing on behalf of a sorrowing mother. "She was sitting by the fire," we are told, "with her dead son's photo in her hand, when the detectives knocked at the door. You can imagine her feelings." We can; and we have no words strong enough to condemn the callous stupidity which makes such outrages possible.

"Before His Eyes."

More sweet reason and charity from the man in the pulpit! It is the turn, this time, of Preb. A. W. T. Perowne. Preaching at Portsmouth, he averred "an officer said to him the other day" that his junior-lieutenant, when told to "carry on" in a charge, "was too drunk to move. . . . They held a court-martial on him, and"—the officer is supposed to have said—"shot him before my eyes." As that officer had "got shot" in the charge, he was, presumably, in hospital. Was the lieutenant brought to the foot of his bed to be shot? But what a wicked yarn it is.

The Careless Search.

Following our former remarks on the subject, here is a full and true account of "searching for matches" at a munitions factory where high explosives only are made. "Outside the gates are cabins for depositing matches and tobacco. Few use them. On entering the yard, perhaps one man out of five would be stopped and searched. The police merely feel outside the pockets, and take the man's word. The man is occasionally heard to boast that he has 'done 'em again'—and goes off laughing for a quiet smoke in a secluded corner." When such wretches do such atrocious things, an explosion need surprise nobody.

Labori.

The last time we saw Maître Labori—the famous defender of Dreyfus, who has died suddenly in the French Chamber—was during the Humbert trial. We happened to be in Paris while he was defending Madame Humbert, and wrote to ask if he could get us in. He replied by return; invited us to be at the Vestiaire Bosque in the Palais de Justice at 11 a.m.; chatted to us in English almost without an accent; drew us by the arm through noisy crowds and apparently impassable barriers of guards and officials; and, all smiles, finally landed us on a bench where we had a good view of everybody in that fascinating drama of crime and law. Labori was a big man, with a big heart.

"Come, Birdie, Come!"

Curious stories of curious birds of German origin are not beneath notice. At Clonmel a frozen starling was picked up. There was a ring on its leg, marked "Vogelwarte, Rossitten, F34603." And a seagull captured at Bromley was wearing an aluminium ring marked "Berlin." Our acquaintance with natural history teaches us that starlings and seagulls are not carrier pigeons, but it may be that some enterprising people are trying to train them for the pigeon-post. They are an ingenious lot, those Huns.

The Angelus.

Says the Rev. S. Wathen Wigg, of Walgrave Rectory, Northampton: "Are you not confounding in your mind the Angelus with the Curfew?" The answer is in the negative. We know that, strictly speaking, the Angelus is a Catholic devotion in honour of the Virgin Mary, and is to be said morning, noon and night; but we want it at sunset only—and then as a call to silent meditation. By the way, the Rector adds that his son, just home from the Front to take up a commission, was "glad to see JOHN BULL—*the* paper—at the Rectory."

Spilling the Milk.

If Lord Devonport has an inspector or two he can spare to inspect things Kent way, he is hereby recommended to send them to the cattle markets there. Our information is that "gallons on gallons" of milk are wasted after the cows arrive. "The majority need milking," a Canterbury dealer tells us. "Only last week I saw three cows milked out on some straw, the milk being allowed to run down the drain—milk at 6d. a quart. This kind of unnecessary waste goes on at five markets in Kent." If it does go on—as we do not doubt—it should be stopped, and that with a heavy hand. Men who deliberately waste while other people want are not patriots, but plunderers—plunderers of the poor.

Throwing Money Away.

From Dublin comes a story we should call astonishing, if we had not left off being astonished by anything. The Ministry of Munitions asked the Marchioness of Waterford to run a canteen for munition workers, and 100 ladies have toiled like slaves ever since, washing up dishes, and so on—all voluntary workers. Two women cooks were the only salaried servants. Suddenly the Committee got notice to quit, because "National Service Regulations were coming into force"—and now all the attendants are on wages! Why everybody should be paid when those good ladies have given their splendid services voluntarily is a mystery. The situation is not made clearer by the statement of a correspondent that one of the officials is a relative of Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington.

Consultation.

Over and over again we have been officially informed through the newspapers, and by Captain Bathurst in the House of Commons, that the Food Controller would insist on the prices of tea, coffee, and cocoa being fixed at those prevailing before Mr. Lloyd George's recent speech on the food situation. Prices have, nevertheless, been put up. Now, after all these weeks of vacillation, we have got as far as an "assurance" by Captain Bathurst that "the Food Controller is consulting with the leading representatives of the trades concerned, with a view to securing the distribution of these commodities at a fair price." But why consult them? Admittedly the prices ought to be the pre-Lloyd George speech prices—and, as for distribution, if they won't distribute fairly let the Food Controller put in a receiver with a conscience to distribute on their behalf.

The "John Bull" Pen is the friend of the people. See Coupon, page 16.

Dog Before Child.

The "no children" stipulation in advertisements we have often been moved to denounce. We regret, therefore, to find it carried to more extreme limits in a Belfast newspaper:—"Wanted, kind home, without children, for Collie Dog; terms, 4s. weekly." It would be such a pity were that dear dog to be worried with the presence of a child, would it not? If the idea is that the dog is liable to bite children, then the animal should be poisoned.

Taking the Unfit.

The unfit are still taken. Here is a plain instance:—"My husband has been in the Army since April, and best part of that time in hospital with a swelling of the knee. The Army doctor cannot find out what is the matter with it—and now they have sent him to France." And a woman, whose two sons are fighting, says she has two men billeted on her "not fit for the German army, to say nothing of the British." There are others in the same town so weak "that they have never done a drill." They would be better in a workshop—at a different kind of "drill."

With "Mint" Sauce.

Retail butchers confirm our statement that they are compelled to buy Argentine lamb at inflated prices before they can procure any New Zealand. The New Zealand lamb, Government property, is sold at a fixed price; the Argentine stuff, of inferior quality, is ordered at a higher figure—though, in other days, it could never realise the market price of the other. The situation is all the more awkward and unfair because the supply of New Zealand meat is restricted and scarce, while there seems to be any quantity of the Argentine lamb about—at a price.

Bart. and Butler.

Sir H. Ellis Nanney appealed at Pwllheli for his butler, a single man of 27. The butler, said the Bart., is "absolutely necessary," because he has "the knack of lifting Lady Nanney to and from her carriage." On that extraordinary plea the lifter was granted exemption till May 16. Naturally, we have no word to say about the invalid lady, but we do think that, during the last two years and more, the "knack" might have been taught to somebody else. Two women servants can lift a lady more knackily than one butler. The yarn pitched by Sir H. Ellis Nanney "gets our goat."

Farmers and Sweaters.

Obtaining damages from his employer in the Haverfordwest County Court, a labourer earning 13s. a week and food told the Judge that as soon as the farmer had obtained his exemption from military service as an "indispensable," his wages were reduced 3s. a week, "as was done by other farmers in the neighbourhood." Happily this sort of thing—this greedy grabbing of high profits on top of low wages—can be successfully met by an action for breach of contract, and we recommend other labourers who have been treated in this shameful way to take their remedy.

In-justice.

A Huddersfield firm, being composed of decent people, gave work as steersman on a steam wagon to a discharged soldier. On the day they started him—on a job for Government—they sent a cheque for his licence. But a very busy police-sergeant at Eccles was nosy enough to pull up the man, and the result of proceedings was that the ex-soldier was fined 10s. 6d. and the firm £2 2s., as the Magistrates took "a serious view" of a case that was purely technical, without a ha'porth of wrong in it. Of course the firm, Allen Knight and Co., Ltd., paid the man's fine in addition to their own, but it was a sin to penalise them for behaving well.

Real Hardship.

Here is indeed a hard case. The father is stricken with paralysis, is occasionally quite helpless, of course cannot work, and is not safe to be left alone—therefore the wife must remain at home. The sole support of the household is the only son, a colliery banksman. But his plea has been rejected, and he is to go. Whatever is to become of the home, the helpless father and worried mother? This is certainly a clear instance of "hardship."

Very Grim Humour.

The *South Wales Echo* has a queer way of classifying its advertisements. There is the usual list of "Deaths," and the last of these, "In loving memory of —— ——, greatly missed by loving wife," is directly followed, without even a dividing rule—indecorously enough—by this:—"You will last out longer if your daily Bread is ——!" If that is supposed to be wit, its form is so crude and so uncalled for that it may well distress a grieving mourner. Or is it merely bad sub-editing?

Not to Capacity.

When the Admiralty people requisition a ship, they do not always know what to do with it. One boat, coming from France in ballast, went by order to S.W. India Dock. On arrival she was sent to Chatham, had a collision by the way, and was repaired at that port. She was then loaded with a cargo of about 400 tons and went gaily off to France again. As her cargo capacity is 4,000 tons, there seems something like great waste in this instance. Also, there would have been no collision had correct orders been given.

Tommy's Thoughts.

Mr. Atkins is thinking hard about those German prisoners. He is decidedly of opinion that they should be made to work. But he wonders why their rations are in excess of his own. And he opens his eyes in astonishment to learn that some of them get 1s. 4d. a day for tree-felling, others 4d. an hour for work on the land, and some others even more. Then he looks at his own 1s. a day, half of which goes to his wife if he has one. To console himself after *his* day's work, he buys a packet of cigarettes and a glass of French beer,—and finds himself in debt. Do you wonder that he *thinks?*

The Keys of Heaven.

In Leyton there is a certain parson who seems to mistake himself for St. Peter. "A friend of mine," a reader, informs us, "sent his child, five years of age, to Sunday school. After a few Sundays, a lady called on her mother to say that the child had not been christened, and would not enter Heaven unless she was christened. On the mother telling her that her husband did not believe in christening, the lady said she had instructions from the Vicar to forbid the child coming to Sunday school unless she did as he ordered." It seems to us the rev. gentleman will have to be more careful, or he won't get to Heaven himself. Think he has ever heard of Mark 10, 14?

Not'ing Lost by Asking.

"Will somebody assist a Danish gentleman, 18, stammerer, to obtain situation?" reads an advertisement in a recent issue of *The Times*. Surely this is a specimen of superlative impudence. Will any patriotic Englishman go out of his way to provide a position for a defective alien, while there remains one wounded and discharged British soldier capable of filling the post? We trust not. Let this stammering Danish gentleman return to his own country and visit his affliction on his own people, and not presume so readily that England is to remain the sort of free hostel for indigent and afflicted foreigners which she was before the war. *Nous allons changer tout cela.*

Special to Ladies. Are you trying for one of the Magnificent Prizes in "Everywoman's"?

Multiple Monopoly.

Harrogate Corporation is advertising for tenders for newspaper kiosks at the Royal Pump Room and Baths. The term is for three or five years; the kiosks must be erected to match the architecture of the present buildings and they "can be removed at the expiration of lease." It is plain on the face of it that no small shopkeeper can afford such an outlay, and the invitation is directed to some big multiple firm to step in an establish a monopoly. As this threatens dire injury to "the small man," already suffering sufficiently, we suggest that Harrogate should think twice before trying to ruin its own ratepayers.

A Grateful Mother.

Our remarks about Dr. Peter Schmidt, of Heslington Road, York, inspires "A Grateful Mother" to give her experience of a Southend doctor. At the beginning of the war her husband was called up to rejoin his regiment. Her seven-months' old baby was taken seriously ill. Dr. Ashton attended the little one with assiduous care, "calling even as late as 11 o'clock at night." "When baby was well again," she asked the doctor for his account. "He refused to take any money whatever, saying he was unable to go and fight but was doing his best to look after those left at home." Dr. Ashton, sir, you are a brick!

Two Tips for the G.P.O.

Perhaps the Post Office will save paper one of these fine days. A thoughtful postmaster indicates a point or two. Every quarter he has to return about 500 Army Allotment Books. Every book for each individual Regimental Paymaster he packs into one parcel, like a sensible man. But, when the new books come to him, each one arrives in a separate foolscap envelope. Sometimes forty or fifty come by one post from the same paymaster. Why not make a parcel of the lot? Then there are the gummed labels for parcel post, of which he uses sixty a day. There are 30,000 other offices using them. Why not use a rubber stamp instead?

Llandudno Enemy Traders.

While Llandudno men have been taken from their businesses for the Army, foreigners have received exemptions to carry on rival concerns in their absence. According to the Deputy Chief Constable, "at the outset a clean sweep of all alien enemies in the town was made, and they were removed to an internment camp. Some time afterwards a number of them were released, and later on another batch followed. I have not the faintest idea why." And, we are told, "Stylishly dressed women, some of them driving in motors and carriages, are seen daily visiting these foreign establishments." In other words, while the alien enemy is let off by Tribunals and released from internment by some fool or other to carry on business, thoughtless or senseless women are helping him to steal the trade and connection of the British townsman fighting for them abroad!

The Coalman.

A curious instance of blind-eyed justice is put to us by a coal and coke-man, of Isleworth. The trade, he points out, is starred as one of national importance. If he carried coal as an employee of a firm, he would be exempt. As he has worked up a round of his own, he is called up, and must resign his 200 regular customers to someone who works for a master. Without arguing on the man's fitness or unfitness, the position is illogical, and grotesquely unfair.

Heroic Death.

What think you of *our* idea—as expounded in the *Royal*—as to heroic death wiping out all past misdeeds?

Businesslike Birmingham.

"Careful Cardiff," the City that docked a soldier's wife of 2s. a week because of the increased separation allowances, is easily beaten by Businesslike Birmingham. The Post Office there, which had been making up a wife's allowance to the amount of her soldier-husband's wages, actually retains some money "in part payment of the sum to be recovered by this Department as a result of the increased separation allowances recently paid." The War Office "rise" puts her in debt to the Post Office!

Colonials for the Land.

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Multiple Monopoly.

Harrogate Corporation is advertising for tenders for newspaper kiosks at the Royal Pump Room and Baths. The term is for three or five years; the kiosks must be erected to match the architecture of the present buildings and they "can be removed at the expiration of lease." It is plain on the face of it that no small shopkeeper can afford such an outlay, and the invitation is directed to some big multiple firm to step in an establish a monopoly. As this threatens dire injury to "the small man," already suffering sufficiently, we suggest that Harrogate should think twice before trying to ruin its own ratepayers.

A Grateful Mother.

Our remarks about Dr. Peter Schmidt, of Heslington Road, York, inspires "A Grateful Mother" to give her experience of a Southend doctor. At the beginning of the war her husband was called up to rejoin his regiment. Her seven-months' old baby was taken seriously ill. Dr. Ashton attended the little one with assiduous care, "calling even as late as 11 o'clock at night." "When baby was well again," she asked the doctor for his account. "He refused to take any money whatever, saying he was unable to go and fight but was doing his best to look after those left at home." Dr. Ashton, sir, you are a brick!

Two Tips for the G.P.O.

Perhaps the Post Office will save paper one of these fine days. A thoughtful postmaster indicates a point or two. Every quarter he has to return about 500 Army Allotment Books. Every book for each individual Regimental Paymaster he packs into one parcel, like a sensible man. But, when the new books come to him, each one arrives in a separate foolscap envelope. Sometimes forty or fifty come by one post from the same paymaster. Why not make a parcel of the lot? Then there are the gummed labels for parcel post, of which he uses sixty a day. There are 30,000 other offices using them. Why not use a rubber stamp instead?

Llandudno Enemy Traders.

While Llandudno men have been taken from their businesses for the Army, foreigners have received exemptions to carry on rival concerns in their absence. According to the Deputy Chief Constable, "at the outset a clean sweep of all alien enemies in the town was made, and they were removed to an internment camp. Some time afterwards a number of them were released, and later on another batch followed. I have not the faintest idea why." And, we are told, "Stylishly dressed women, some of them driving in motors and carriages, are seen daily visiting these foreign establishments." In other words, while the alien enemy is let off by Tribunals and released from internment by some fool or other to carry on business, thoughtless or senseless women are helping him to steal the trade and connection of the British townsman fighting for them abroad!

The Coalman.

A curious instance of blind-eyed justice is put to us by a coal and coke-man, of Isleworth. The trade, he points out, is starred as one of national importance. If he carried coal as an employee of a firm, he would be exempt. As he has worked up a round of his own, he is called up, and must resign his 200 regular customers to someone who works for a master. Without arguing on the man's fitness or unfitness, the position is illogical, and grotesquely unfair.

Heroic Death.

What think you of *our* idea—as expounded in the *Royal*—as to heroic death wiping out all past misdeeds?

Businesslike Birmingham.

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PRUSSIANISM WITHOUT EFFICIENCY.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S GREAT MISTAKE: COMPULSION—THE ONLY WAY.

By Harold F. Wyatt.

"WHEN the sleeper wakes" was the title of a story which had a big vogue for a short time. Suppose that this sleeper had become wrapped in his slumbers some three years ago and had but now been awakened, would he be able to believe his own eyes and ears? Not only a vast world-war raging; not only Britain and the British Empire grappling for life with Hell incarnate in the shape of Germany, but almost every change accomplished in Britain herself which was deemed most absurdly impossible in his last waking hours—this would be the amazing prospect presented to his view. Three years back, the probability of a German attack upon this country was scoffed at by all except an insignificant minority, whose ceaseless warnings of impending danger were treated with disdain. Three years back, even the pale, anæmic kind of military training for the young manhood of our land which Lord Roberts and the National Service League ventured to urge was rejected with contumely by people at large. Three years back, private individuals still enjoyed a measure of freedom, the railways and industries generally were still run on the principle of private ownership, and the Government, powerful though it was, had not yet become absolute lord and master of us all.

This Picture and That.

That *was* the picture. Now look at the canvas to-day. We have an army into which every man, from youth to middle age, who can walk straight upon two legs and who can be spared from other vital forms of war endeavour, is being swiftly swept. "National Service" means no longer service in arms, for to serve in arms, if you can, has become an accepted necessity—a sort of fundamental commonplace—for the majority of men. "National Service," now, means the next stage on the road towards the final trial, the compulsory organisation of the entire non-fighting portion of the population of England, Scotland and Wales, old men and maidens, matrons and boys, in the legions which the bureaucracy rules. Not yet, quite, is this last ordeal upon us. Still, at present, we talk of volunteering in connection with national labour, just as for so long after the war began we talked of it in connection with the national army. But the grim shadow of compulsion is already falling over the realm and unless speedily the Hun goes down in blood and hunger to the perdition which awaits him—sure as death, and surer far than life—the civilians of Britain whom sex, or age, or health disables from bearing arms, men and women alike, above the age of childhood and below the age of senility, will find themselves perforce enrolled in the armies of the State.

The Paramount Necessity.

Now, this being so—and bold is he who would deny it—what is the chief need, the constraining necessity of this striving, enduring, and still unfaltering people of the British Isle (we dare not write that word in the plural)? It is that the power which controls us, the power at whose bidding we surrender our liberties, or submit to be taxed to the bone, or give our dearest to the sword—or do all these things at once—should be efficient. Think of it. Is not that truly our greatest want? Efficiency means economy of life, and of treasure, of effort, and of time. Inefficiency means the appalling waste of all these. Inefficiency may mean to *you* the loss of your nearest and dearest, your individual ruin, misery and disappointment—and it must mean all this to the mass of your countrymen. If we put everything we have in the hands of the State, all the great employments, factories, and railways and ships; if we give up all the cherished privileges of which we used to boast; if we pour out our blood and our money in a volume like that volume of water which falls over Niagara, then we require and we must have the one condition necessary to prevent all our sacrifices from being in vain—efficiency. Who can help us to get that? Not the old professional politician who supported the late unlamented "Wait-and-See" Ministry, who failed to warn the nation of its coming peril, and who failed to arm the country to meet it. *He* never possessed any faculty but that of pouring out words. He is now only a burst gasbag. Yet the stink of him—that is, the tradition of his ways—still remains and is at this moment a very present curse in our time of trouble.

Hundreds of Useless Officials.

Why is it that this next step that we may have to take—this enrolment of the whole people in an ordered industrial host under the command of the State—has already become, in its initial period, a miserable abortion? Why is it that Mr. Neville Chamberlain has had to do the very thing which he said, on taking his present office, that he would not do? Why is it that he meant not to centralise, and that he has centralised? Why is it that his headquarters, St. Ermin's Hotel, are plagued with several hundred useless officials, who in some months have been unable to allot, so far as has been made known, even 1 per cent. of the relatively small number of people who have answered the call for volunteers? If these things are done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry? If Mr. Chamberlain's Department has been unable in two or three months to deal with rather more than one hundred thousand men and women and to allot them to appropriate war occupations, how will it deal with ten million such cases a few weeks later, when by legislative enactment the whole nation outside the Armies and the Fleet, and the Mercantile Marine, may have to be brought into the fold to beat the foe? If it is necessary that the Kingdom should be Prussianised temporarily of its own accord, in order to avoid being Prussianised permanently by order of the Kaiser, then we wish the process to be efficient, not inefficient. What ought Mr. Neville Chamberlain to do? Why, decentralise. You cannot organise a nation's labour through a London office, but you can organise it through local acquaintance with local needs, supplemented by a few plain statements as to salient national necessities. Let Mr. Chamberlain work everywhere through the local authority, and (here comes the gist of the difficulty) let that authority, according to the population with which it is concerned, be given the right to spend a certain sum in wages. That is where the bureaucracy kicks. That is where the Treasury comes in. "What!" they say, "spend money without our express sanction for every item, given on the proper form? Such a course would be unprecedented!" Quite so, most unprecedented. So are a lot of other things that are going on just now. But if national organisation of labour is necessary to win the war, and since that organisation cannot be accomplished without a real devolution of responsibility upon local bodies—Borough Councils in London, Town Councils, District Councils, and so forth through the realm—then, whether our official mandarins like it or not, they must be forced to abandon precedent for once in their lives. To see that they do this is the nation's duty, and to help the nation to fulfil that duty is the business of the readers of John Bull.

THE RUSSIAN HERCULES—

AND THE GERMAN HYDRA.

SHELTERING THE SHIRKERS.

A WORD WITH THE Y.M.C.A. CENTRAL AUTHORITIES.

If the Young Men's Christian Association were a Government institution, we should be inclined to move for a return of the number of Conscientious Objectionables at present in its employment. As it is, we are thrown back upon unofficial estimates; but, to judge from the proceedings of Tribunals and the admissions of the Y.M.C.A. authorities themselves, the Association has come to be regarded as an appropriate refuge for military shirkers. It is possible, of course, that in affording an asylum to "conscience" cowards the Association has merely acted upon official suggestions, but in our opinion it is most unfortunate that skunks of this type should be engaged upon work which brings them into daily contact with our gallant fighting men, to whom, naturally, their presence is a rank offence. Nor is this the only aspect of the matter. We are informed that at Cardiff recently a servant of the Y.M.C.A.—a partially disabled soldier with a widowed mother to support—was summarily dismissed from his employment for no other reason than that, in a moment of just indignation, he had declined to black the boots of a Conscientious Object temporarily sheltered at the Y.M.C.A. Such an episode is unpleasant reading for the thousands of soldiers at home and abroad who are in touch with Y.M.C.A. effort, to say nothing of the general public whose generous subscriptions have alone made it possible for the Association to carry on its work for the comfort of our brave troops. In reply to a rightly vigorous protest signed by a number of soldier members of the Y.M.C.A.—in which, quite properly, recognition is incidentally paid to the good work of the Association—the Chairman of the Cardiff branch has stated that "the case was one of discipline, in which no other decision could be arrived at," but this can scarcely be accepted as the last word on the matter, and we take leave to suggest that the central authorities of the Association should inquire into the facts for themselves.

"ALIENS ONLY"!

BRITONS BARRED BY ADVERTISEMENT.

It is an ex-officer of the Army who puts the point-blank question, "Are our boys fighting to save Britain for the British—or for the alien?" He is indignant, and we share his indignation, because of the following advertisement, which appeared the other day in a morning newspaper:—

> "Tailor, for ladies' coats, plain and fancy, able to make models. 70s. weekly to a first class man. Permanency. Aliens only. L. S., 535, Green Lanes, Harringay, N."

"Aliens only"! Mark that, please. A situation is open in London, at a respectable salary, to a man able to tailor ladies' coats, such coats to be sold to British women for British money. But no Briton need apply for the job; all are ruled out, barred. Only an alien may secure that 70s. a week. The tailor in the ranks, fighting to keep the roof over that employer's premises, may go on fighting, may even die for him. But, should he survive, should he have done his bit and be looking for work and money to live on, he will not find it. All they want is a foreigner—any alien, apparently, naturalised or not, Greek, Turk, German, Swede, Swiss, Chinaman, Afghan, Austrian, Arab, or Cherokee Indian—seemingly. Either would be welcome; they are certainly not excluded by the terms of the announcement. Such openly disclosed boycotting of Britons and things British should never be permitted in a British newspaper. The printing of such advertisements should be forbidden by Act of Parliament. The favouring of other countries has, unfortunately, in the past been too often a weakness of the short-sighted, easy-going Briton—but there are signs that even the most somnolent are now waking up, and that in the future greater and more patriotic discrimination will be exercised than in the past. After all, ours is a glorious heritage; why should the birthright of Britons be tossed carelessly to *anyone* of alien blood? "Britons only" should be our slogan.

WATCH THE RENEGADES.

NOTHING CAN CRUSH A NATION UNITED UNTO DEATH.

By A. G. Hales.

THE Mesopotamia news is still splendid—for though the glory of Bagdad as a city has departed, perhaps never to return, it was in the eyes of all true Mussulmans one of the three great rallying places of the faith of Mohammed. Its fall into the hands of the hated Giaour—as all Christians are still termed—will shake the faith of every Turkish soldier in the supposed invincibility of the armies of the "Faithful." Amongst Turks, sentiment and religion play a bigger part in war than amongst any other nation in Europe, and it may well be that contact with gross German materialism has robbed the modern Turkish officer of his best asset as a fighting force—his faith in the Prophet. Fanatics must be led by fanatics to realise the best that is in them, and for fifteen or twenty years it has been part of Germany's policy to woo the "Young Turks" away from their old beliefs. Many of the Sultan's younger officers have been Germanised in thought, and we saw the result of the transformation in the last Bulgar-Turkish war—for the "Young Turkish" officers did not fight in that campaign with anything like their old-time tenacity or contempt of death; and it may be that whenever the allied armies meet the Sultan's troops, led by men of the new school, the half-hearted defence of Bagdad will repeat itself. But there are plenty of the old school of Turkish officers and men left who are pretty certain to give a good account of themselves in the field—but wherever and whenever they fight again, they will remember the precipitate flight from Kut, in front of the conquering British, and the tame surrender of Bagdad—and the memory will not help to hearten them. Their mullahs will try and persuade them that it was the work of the Djinns, or devils, but those who were there will know it was the work of British soldiers with bayonets, and they will spread the knowledge.

Our Glory in the East.

We are still the paramount Power in all the Eastern lands. General Maude's brilliancy in action has re-established us in the position the politicians so nearly threw away for ever. But we must not relax our sinews on that account: our greatest enemy is shaken, but not yet shattered—though the reflex of our Mesopotamian achievements has struck the Kaiser and wounded him deeply. We must keep up the pressure more fiercely now than ever, lest the fruits of our soldiers' efforts be frittered away. I am much perturbed by what I hear of the stealthy machinations of the Halfway-Peace Party in Great Britain. Especially are they busy with their damnable and traitorous propaganda in the North of England, though they are not idle in other parts of these isles. These men—*and* women—are working in the dark, and they are working unceasingly—and the end they have in view is the filching of victory from our soldiers. It is monstrous, but it is true—and we cannot afford to shut our eyes to the evil thing. "Germany must not be crushed" is their shibboleth, and they will stick at nothing to attain their devilish desires. If they were pure-minded men and women, shrinking from the awful holocaust of war with all its attendant horrors and desolation, it would be possible to pity them for the short-sightedness which aims at a present peace that *must* herald another war with the same foe. But they are not kindly, hypersensitive people, led away from grim reality by tender feelings—they are not short-sighted folk grasping at a shadow in mistake for real substance. They are a brood of pestilential renegades, aiming at the heart of their own country through the screen of Christian charity. They are not short-sighted; no one knows better than they that an inconclusive peace to-day means misery and bloodshed to-morrow; and they are willing that it should be so—caring nothing for their own country and their own kin. Two classes always come to the surface in a great war—the mighty men who make sacrifices, and the mean men who batten and fatten upon it. Of this latter kind are the tribe who are surreptitiously pushing the Peace propaganda in Britain. Scratch a Peace apostle and you'll find a German—not perhaps in blood or breeding, but in heart and personal interest. They were very busy before the fall of Bagdad; now they know they have no time to lose. We are firmly in the saddle once more in the East, and soon events in the West may force the Peace-at-Any-Price Party to work doubly hard and make them doubly dangerous.

The Devil's Torches.

There are many men and women, in various walks of life, engaged in the shameful work of weakening us from within. I do not for a moment doubt that, if it were not for their existence, the Kaiser's Government would now be quaking; but, knowing that such renegades are busy within our gates, the Kaiser and his satellites hope on. Our renegades are the devil's torches, to light the path of hope for William the Unclean. He thinks, and his agents here think, that a serious shortage of food will so humble this nation's spirit that it will come to terms with him and his. But he is mistaken; even if food becomes so scarce that famine grins through the windows of every granary, there shall be no unhallowed peace—famine will but harden our hearts to high endeavour, and the steel shall never go back to the scabbard until our heel is upon the throat of our foe. One thing the Premier could do to render the prostituted peace propaganda abortive—this nation of ours could, and should, be put upon rations, as an army in the field is rationed—so much per man, be he lord or labourer; so much per woman, be she duchess or doorkeeper. Let every ounce of food be commandeered, and all share and share alike until the war is won; let the people see that the Government means to fight to a finish, and they will choke the Peace-at-Any-Price coterie without help from the authorities—for, deep down in their souls, the people are loyal to the memory of the dead who gave their lives for them in battle, and loyal to the living men who are still in the arena of war fronting the enemy. But the German emissaries are clever—they know their work; they have money to burn, and unless they are checked they will make mischief. They will not state their aims openly; they will not cry in the market-place their malignant opposition to all that our men have fought for—they know their work too well for that! They will wait upon some side-issue—such as a graver phase of the potato famine—and stir the people to anger. And when anger has displaced reason, they will raise the cry, "Better peace than this!" If Bagdad had proved to be another Kut-el-Amara, I think we should have heard from the renegades; but the British soldier once again saved the situation. Do not think I am voicing a groundless danger—my information was not given me lightly nor digested in a hurry. It came from a sure source, and has been well probed. The viper is full of venom, and needs to be quickly scotched. A premature peace means, as sure as destiny, that we dare not disband our army: we shall be compelled to keep it equal to the German war footing, and go on building warships as at present, and, in addition, build an underwater fleet equal to the German. That spells ruin irrevocable, even without the second war. To the doors of this Gehenna will the little band of well-organised renegades bring us!

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THE KAISE

GERMANY'S AWFUL PLIGHT—BEWARE

By THE EDI

WAVES of joy and depression succeed each other with curious inconsequence. Politicians squabble and wrangle, forgetting and learning nothing in the terrible school of war. But the soldier fights on to victory. There is no real cloud to-day on the horizon of our success; the British Army is marching to Triumph in the West; and in the East the tide has set full in our favour—whilst the events in Russia, terrible as they are, must be taken as a victory for patriotism over pro-Germanism. In spite of the muddles at home—muddles which long ago bore the red-mark of crimes—in spite of the grievous errors of Ministers and the cruel hesitation of those in authority, the fighting men are snatching victory out of chaos and bearing aloft the banners of Triumph. Contrast the retreat from Mons in those dark, early days of war with the last eight months of pressure on the foe, and then who will dare to suggest that Germany is falling back only for fun, that the smashing power of the British artillery will not soon set going the rout of the foe? Nowhere is there any justification for pessimism; everywhere there is occasion for joy. If we turn from Westminster where the talking men growl and snarl, to the Western front where the fighting men endure and succeed, we see in startling contrast the defects of the one and the virtues of the other. Why, in the name of all that is patriotically British, are those who would belittle our might and magnify the power of the enemy permitted to continue their croakings? Pessimism is the poison of the Devil; confidence is the gift from the gods. And to-day, in spite of depressing influences at home, all is well with the Army. We are winning—and the end will come sooner than even the most hopeful of us dared a few weeks ago to imagine.

Russia and Revolution.

So far as Russia is concerned, let me shed a little light on the dark places of the story. For months I have known, as the British Government has known, of the trouble that was brewing. It has been the People against the pro-German—the Duma, elected of the People, against the Court. German influences—sinister, subtle, strong—had reached the very steps of the throne. Victory has been denied to the Russian soldier because the creatures of the Kaiser have schemed and plotted to that end. Generals with German names have been false to their soldier's oath; brave men, fighting for the "Little Father" and for the country they love, with a passion the ordinary individual cannot understand, have been led to deliberate death by those they trusted and obeyed. And behind the foul deeds of the aristocrats who have worked and planned for Germany, who would have starved the People and the Army into a separate peace with the foe, Anarchy, stark and unashamed, has raised its bloody head. Even at this distance from the centre of Revolution it behoves one whose words are read in Germany to say nothing which might be twisted by the enemy to their own advantage. But when the People have made their purpose sure and the Provisional Government, born of the national determination to fight until victory is won, is securely in power, it may be possible to tell more of the secret history of Russia and the war.

Highly Placed Traitors.

No Government can stand against the might of a united People. Thrones tremble and totter when nations are deceived. That "Hidden Hand" which has provoked red revolution in Russia is still active for harm. Abdication as an act of self-preservation, even at the sacrifice of the dynasty, is, after all, only an expedient—it is a medicine, it may not prove a cure. Germany has honeycombed Russia; the worst offences of the Russian bureaucrats against the liberties of the Russian people have been born in Berlin and bred in Potsdam. Even the Royal Family has been divided against itself, and joy in the heart of one at the news of victory has meant angry tears for the other. This revolt, which under Providence means the salvation of Russia, is a revolt against the most highly placed in the Kingdom of the Czar. Remember this—that the Russian people in the great mass are intensely loyal; they worship the Czar, "the Little Father," and to rise in their wrath against his authority is a sign more deeply significant than the ordinary man can understand.

Look to Germany.

What has happened in Petrograd will happen in Berlin—that is my solemn belief. Unless the Kaiser and his War Lords throw up the sponge, own themselves defeated, and beg for mercy on their knees, there will be murder in the Palace at Potsdam, red ruin in the streets of Berlin. That terrible news which has been, as it were, trembling on the wires from Petrograd—news which would have made abdication impossible—has happily been arrested. But who shall say when the befooled and starving German peoples will not in turn rise in their wrath and utterly destroy the power of the Hohenzollern for evil? For those who have eyes to read, and ears to listen to the oft-corroborated tale of Germany's internal condition, the terrible plight of the enemy is beyond doubt. We hear a good deal about our own food shortage—and I should be the last to minimise the need for care and caution so long as the submarine activity continues. But remember this—that compared with the Hun we are living in warm comfort and boundless luxury. Germany is starving; her people, long dragooned into silence by the sabre of the State, are complaining in the streets; women are crying for bread, children are dying for want of the sustenance which milk alone can provide. And, above all, by reason of the months of privation—the half-empty stomach and the broken spirit—epidemic is already rearing a many-headed terror in the land of the Hun. By methods which are an offence to civilisation and an insult to human liberty, the truth about the German nation is kept from the German armies, while the people, who have been made to believe in the impregnable might of the Hun in the battlefield, are still ignorant of the true meaning of the continued defeats of the Kaiser's

ISER NEXT.

'ARE OF "OUTSIDE PUBLIC OPINION."

E EDITOR.

soldiers in the West. We have reached the point—thank God!—when British guns and British shells outnumber those of the enemy in splendid proportions. Thanks to the splendid zeal of our factory workers, we have provisioned our fighting men with all they need. But we must keep up the supply; we must be certain that when the moment comes for the final smash the enemy shall never gain an hour's respite—that his run before the gun and bayonet shall turn into a bloody rout.

We are Winning.

Don't worry—depression is more dangerous than elation. We are winning, and those mean souls who pretend that Haig and Gough are the victims of some deep German strategy will soon cut a sorry and a contemptible figure. What a libel on the splendour of our fighters—what an insult to the strategy of *our* Generals! The enemy has been fighting with the courage of desperation to maintain his hold on the vital Bapaume ridge, and our wonderful troops are smashing and hurling him back from ground considered impregnable. Where is now von Hindenburg's boast that the German line could not be broken in thirty years? Don't be taken in by the German lies—fostered by pestilent prints at home—that the enemy is retreating to suit his own convenience. He is giving way before the might and majesty of the Allied Armies; he is blowing up bridges, burning munitions, destroying supply stores, not to satisfy his known lust for destruction, but because he is on the run and cannot wait. The cruel libel that the German army was outmatching British generalship has been answered by the events of the last few days. The venomous picture that our men were being lured to their doom has been falsified. But great as have been recent successes, look out for a still more dramatic turn of events in our favour.

Trust the Soldier.

But while my advice is Trust the Soldier, it has its negative side—Mistrust the Politician. You know what a wonderful success has been snatched from the sanguinary chaos in Mesopotamia, due to the disgraceful incompetence of the politician. And his incompetence—his want of preparation and his lack of organising power—is not confined to the immediate affairs of the war. So far as Bagdad is concerned, he was warned years ago of Germany's design; he had the chance of countering the schemes of the Kaiser and his Ministers, and of securing control of the country which has proved so useful to the enemy and such a menace to us. But he would not believe that Germany meant harm, and allowed the Hun to menace our road to India and the East and to join with Turkey in plans that had for their express object an attack on Egypt in case of war. All the forebodings which the politician sneered at have come to pass—only the soldier is saving us from discredit and defeat. I well remember those debates in the House of Commons in 1911, and reading this extract from a book by one of Germany's best-known writers, Dr. Rohrhaet: "A direct attack upon England across the North Sea is out of the question. It is necessary to discover another combination in order to hit England in a vulnerable spot, and here we come to the point where the relationship of Germany to Turkey, and the conditions prevailing in Turkey, become of decisive importance for German foreign policy, based as it now is upon watchfulness in the direction of England."

Temper of the British People.

But all the time our politicians wrangled and argued—seeing nothing of the real danger ahead, neglecting the obvious precautions against risks in the future. To me, the ignorance of these people is not more amazing than their refusal to learn—not more astounding than their ridiculous want of appreciation of the temper of the British people. You know what a time it has taken to impress upon the Government—first of Mr. Asquith and then of Mr. Lloyd George—the duty of striking from the roll of peers the traitor princes now fighting with the Germans or actively supporting the enemy. Yet, having secured the Bill, we have still to deal with the crass ignorance or the grossly unpatriotic conduct—I care not which you call it—of certain so-called noble lords. I am not surprised that so cross-grained a creature as Lord Courtney should have moved the rejection of the measure. He is the type of old fool who would. But I must confess that, in spite of his growing years and enfeebled statesmanship, I expected something better of Lord Lansdowne than an attempt to justify the conduct of these German princes—coupled with a sneer at national sentiment. "The real object of the legislation proposed was to satisfy public opinion out *of* doors"—unfortunate words, are they not, when we think of what public opinion "out of doors" in Russia has been doing? What other public opinion is there? It is public opinion which has sent our gallant sons to fight, and it is public opinion which now and for all time will insist upon driving from our midst, and keeping us free of the defiling presence of, men who accept status and honour from the British nation, and yet take up arms against it. The British peerage is already tainted beyond hope by the sale of titles that Party coffers may be filled—the putrid mud of Party has too long been permitted to defile "the fount of honour." Viscount Bryce, another of the miserable band of lordly nincompoops, denied that these princes had been guilty of any "crime." Yet this man was privileged to inquire into the atrocities in Belgium and to understand better than most that he who fights with Germany is fighting on the side of Satan and his imps. You remember that it needed a personal threat to lead an indignant mob to Windsor Castle, before the authorities would remove the banners of traitor knights from St. George's Chapel. Well, the threat was sufficient and the banners were removed. Let that be a warning to the Government. And when we have got rid of these gentry, then we will go for a Bill to clean the Privy Council of men of German origin and for the surrender of all German "honours" held by men of British birth. In other words, after we have saved the Empire we will clean it. Let Russia be a lesson—and a warning!

BUMBLE'S GLORY.

PRODIGAL CITY FATHERS AND THEIR COATS OF MANY COLOURS.

At a time when exhortations were being issued to the public to "wear old clothes, old boots, old dresses, and invest what you will save in the War Loan," the Liverpool City Council sanctioned a lengthy bill for new finery for its officials, which merits attention. Whether the City Council contemplates staging a revue with new costumes and dances for which the harassed ratepayers will stand the tune remains to be seen, but some of Bumbledom's officials are to be so decorated that not even Solomon in all his glory. . . . . Picking from the sartorial menu, "one suit for Master of Barge, with an extra pair of trousers," is to be provided for £5 5s., and he is likewise to have a bridge overcoat at a cost of £4 5s. 6d. After that a suit for the Nametaker at £4 16s. 3d. is in the nature of a bargain. He also is to have two pairs of trousers, which appears to indicate there is a deal of sitting down attached to the job, involving considerable wear and tear. Still the ratepayers have the felicity of knowing that the knut who takes their names has five quids' worth on, less three and ninepence, and an extra pair of trousers. Another odorous item is "22 pairs of trousers for Disinfecting Van Drivers, etc., at £1 11s. 3d. per pair." Pity the van drivers couldn't be disinfected at a lower rate—they do these things cheaper in the Army. The following should suffice as protection against stray dogs: "62 pairs of leggings for District Inspectors, Foremen, Time-keepers, etc., at 10s. 10d. per pair." Fish has gone up in price, so the Chief Fish Inspector is to have "one double-breasted frock coat and one vest for £2 19s. 6d. the lot," and numerous other inspectors are to be made bright and beautiful at the same price. Presumably, the ratepayers are not to be called upon to provide the trousers, for which relief many thanks. But congratulations *re* pants are somewhat premature, seeing that "88 pairs of trousers for sanitary inspectors, etc., at £1 11s. 3d. per pair," figure in the bill. But "smart and dressy" is the watchword in all departments, as witness "six suits for male attendants at lavatories (per suit of one jacket, one vest, one pair of trousers—Corporation will provide buttons for coats and vests) at £3 17s. 6d. per suit." After this "six caps for ratcatchers at 3s. each" is a give-away, and represents an absolute bargain compared with "22 caps for sanitary inspectors (gilt livers will be supplied by the Corporation) at 3s. 9d. each." In reality the ratepayers provide the livers and lights as well. But the sanitary inspectors are to be done proud in the matter of headgear, for there is mention of "50 silk hats for sanitary inspectors at 8s. 9d. each," whilst four grooms are to be provided with toppers at the same price. The Nametaker, who has already figured in the list for an expensive suit with an extra pair of trousers, is to be crowned with an eight and ninepenny tile, so that he ought to be worth raffling when he gets them all on. It is now too late for the ratepayers to urge that the old toppers be given a shine and made to serve, but there can be no harm in suggesting that they advocate the loan of the lids if summoned to attend ceremonial functions—such as weddings or funerals, or for payment of rates. It is with diffidence we refer to the ladies' wardrobe, but the Prodigal Fathers have been buying in for them, and we hope they'll have a good fit (the ladies figuratively, the Prodigal Fathers actually). Provision has been made for "45 navy blue serge uniforms for female sanitary inspectors (per uniform of one coat and skirt) at £3 12s. 6d. per uniform." The same number are to have navy straw hats at 11s. 9d. each, whilst 90 summer blouses have been ordered at 7s. 11d. each. Sanitary inspectors dressed out like this become a pleasure and a pride. And the Prodigal Fathers, like the generous, kind-hearted old women they are, have resolved that the female sanitary inspectors shall be well protected against the icy blasts, even if the ratepayers feel a chronic draught. Forty-five costumes are on order to be delivered Oct. 1st, and these will cost 7s. more a costume than the summer rig out. Then there are 90 "Viyella" blouses at 8s. 11d. each, 45 navy blue hats at 11s. 9d. each, and 45 scarves at 15s. 11d. each. Here the Prodigal Fathers cease providing for the ladies, whether from motives of economy or modesty, the official chronicler sayeth not. All this variegated and widespread expenditure comes on top of the award of generous war bonuses to Corporation employees in receipt of less than £400 a year, which will cost the ratepayers about £190,000 per annum. But the irony of the whole situation lies in the fact that Council inspectors have been preaching economy to the children in the elementary schools, whose mothers for the most part are trying to make ends meet in these hard times, on the Army separation allowances. The price of the Nametaker's trimmings represents more than is allowed a soldier's wife to keep body and soul together for a couple of months, and the weekly allowance for many a soldier's child is equivalent to the cost of a rat-catcher's cap. If it be incumbent on the ratepayers, in the national interests, to cut down expenditure in every way and wear their old clothes, then the same duty devolves on the Prodigal Fathers as regards their employees, and if the provision of these numerous articles of attire was absolutely essential—which we are not prepared to admit—then we suggest they should have been purchased at a cheaper rate. At the present time a National Welfare Exhibition is being held in St. George's Hall, at which various economy stunts are being shown, including the patching of clothes and the repairing of boots by children from the elementary and industrial schools. We suggest the Prodigal Fathers be compelled to attend and learn from the little ones economy and simple arithmetic—multiplication and addition.

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Strikes! with a minimum of fuss,
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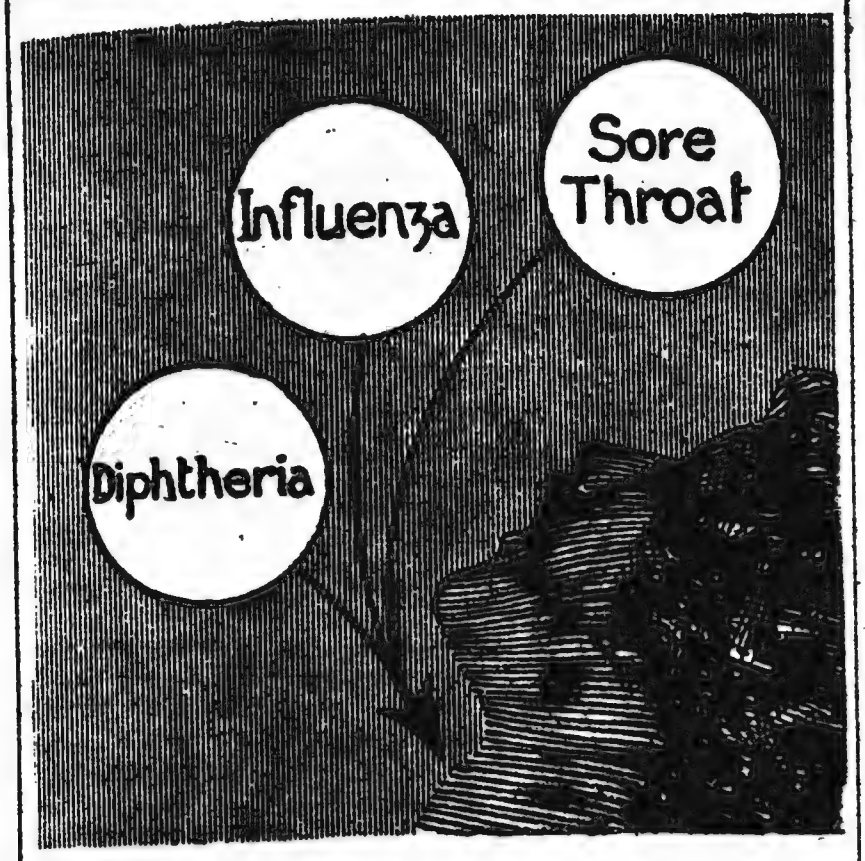
In times less tragical than now,
Have we seen Robert quaffing ale—
His ploughing now's a diff'rent tale!

With bag and baggage from Bagdad
The Turk skedaddles, having had
Of Maude's strong physic such a teste
That all he wants to make is—haste!



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Buy a bottle at your chemist's to-day—price 2s. 2d.—but be sure it bears the address of Genatosan, Ltd., the British Purchasers of The Sanatogen Company, 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C., otherwise it will be one of the spurious imitations. There are now so many of these that the proprietors have decided later on to re-name it, but at present it is still sold under its original name.

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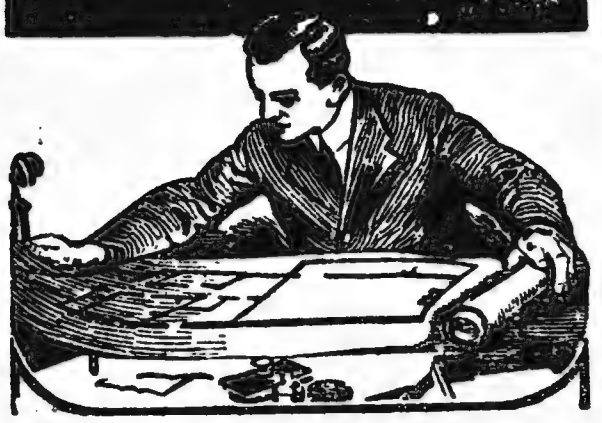

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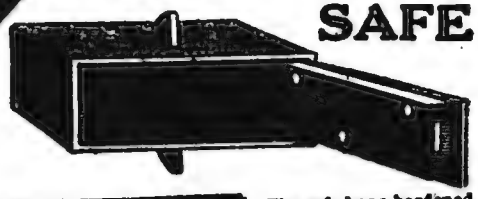

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CONSULTATIONS.

By our Mental Physician.

MR. ASQUITH.

I'm sorry to have kept you waiting my dear sir—you've *made a positive hobby of waiting?* Have you indeed! Well well! Now, what is the trouble? . . . You fear you're *a victim of hallucinations?* My *dear* sir, did ever you know a Party politician who was not? What form do these alleged hallucinations take? . . *A ceaseless whispering in your ear? Always the disengaged ear?* That is to say, if the neighbour on your left at dinner was speaking, your attention would be distracted by these whisperings on your right? . . . H'm, *usually a solemn repetition of one word.* Ha! And that word is? —— "*Dardanelles?*" T'ch, t'ch! That must be very unpleasant, indeed. Another symptom is *a horror of coming to a decision on even the most trifling matters?* Dear me. That sounds somewhat serious. As soon as ever you are about to decide on a certain course of action, something seems to whisper to you to *wait and see.* Ha! a very dangerous mental condition, sir, to be quite candid with you. You must take care when crossing roads. Indecision when half-way across might mean an accident. Do you sleep well? . . . *Terrifying dreams?* Ah, that's *very* bad? You don't exceed the Food Controller's suggested ration allowance, I suppose? . . So it can't be stomach trouble. You must have something on your mind. *Your conscience is quite clear?* Congratulations; I wish mine was. But remember, it is possible to have a clear conscience with respect to *motive*, and yet suffer pangs of remorse for ill-judged, hasty, or dilatory actions which may have injured others. . . *Not so in your case?* I see. What shape do your dreams take? . . A march past of forty thousand dead, from whom, in terror, you take the salute, and wake up with a shriek. That must be very disagreeable, indeed. And it occurs nightly? .. T'ch, t'ch! You must be in a thoroughly unnerved state, my dear sir. Now, I think the best thing you can do is to retire to some remote country place for the duration of the war, at least. Get your war news second hand through ancient rustics foregathered over their ale at the village inn, and take a little yourself in moderation. . . *Don't feel that you can drag yourself away from the House of Commons?* Then I can do nothing for you, sir. If you followed my advice implicitly you would apply for the Chiltern Hundreds. It would be the best thing for you, and I'm not sure it would not be a very good thing for the country! . . Good-day, sir, good-day. . . . Oh, that's quite all right. I'll send along my account, never fear!

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

FOOD VALUES.

Small Boy: Father, wot's calories?

Mechanic: It ain't calories, it's cal-*or*-ies. W'y don'cher prernounce yer words proper?

Small Boy: But wot *is* calories, father?

Mechanic: W'y, them things wot 'eat yer body.

Small Boy: Wot, like the worms do w'en you're dead?

Mechanic: I didn't say eat; I sed '*eat*—*h*aitch, e, a, t, 'eat.

Small Boy: 'Ow do they 'eat yer body, father?

Mechanic: W'y, you 'as to eat 'em, an' then they 'eats yer.

Small Boy: 'Ow do you 'eat 'em—in the oven?

Mechanic: No, with yer mouth. I sed *eat* 'em—*you* know, chew 'em an' swaller 'em. Then they 'eats yer body. *You* know—keeps yer warm.

Small Boy: Do they mind bein' eaten, father?

Mechanic: Lor' bless me soul, they ain't got no feelin'! They're jest units of food valyer—thet's orl. Yer see, there's so many cal-*or*-ies in orl the grub you eat. Thet's w'y you feels warm arter a good blow out.

Small Boy: But they don't make yer '*eart* warm, do they, father?

Mechanic: Not 'arf! Everybody feels warmer-'earted arter a square meal.

Small Boy: Did'n chew 'ave no calories yes'd'y, father? Mother sed last night you was a cold-'earted villain.

Mechanic: 'Old yer noise! Yore ears is a bit too long, young 'un. Yer mother was on'y jokin'.

Small Boy: Was she jokin' w'en she shied 'er boot at yer, father?

Mechanic (*furiously*): *I'll* warm yer w'en I git chew 'ome—an' there won't be no cal-*or*-ies in it, neether.

Small Boy (*after a long silence*): Father, is there any calories in beer?

Mechanic: Corse there is. Beer's a food, ain't it?

Small Boy: Is it the calories wot make yore face red w'en you've bin drinkin' beer, father?

Mechanic: Look 'ere, I've warned yer once. Shut yer 'ead an' sit still, like a little gen'l'm'n.

Small Boy: Do gen'l'm'n orlways sit still, father?

Mechanic: They do thet.

Small Boy: Is *that* man a gen'l'm'n? (*Pointing.*)

Mechanic: I reckon so. An' don't point; it's rood.

Small Boy: But '*e* ain't sittin' still, father. 'E's shakin'!

Mechanic: No wonder. Come, git down. 'Ere we are.

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The whole nation is united in its determination to fight until victory is secured. The ranks have closed up. Animated by the same common desire, we present a united face to the foe. Whatever our positions, we are all endeavouring to do our bit. Those who can are fighting. Others are making munitions. Others are producing food. Others are manufacturing necessities. And all, in the Army, in the Navy, on the land, and in business, are striving to make themselves as efficient as possible in order to add to the strength of the nation.

The Finest Ammunition.

After all, the most deadly weapons we can use against the enemy are not bullets—but brains. In the end the nation will win which mobilises the greatest Brain power against the foe. It is the trained intelligence, the capacity for organisation, the brilliant ideas, the mental efficiency which will overcome all opposition. And thus we see, in every sphere of national activity, a great desire on the part of men and women to make themselves mentally efficient. A passion for mind-training has seized every class. Everyone is doing it. Everyone is proving the power of scientific mental training to make men and women more highly efficient than they were before.

The Army is Doing It.

This is shown in the Army. Besides training themselves for marching, for shooting, for gunnery, for bombing, for trench warfare, thousands of Army officers and men are systematically practising mind training. They are practising it in dug-outs, on the lines of communication, at the base camps, on the staffs, everywhere! No fewer than 20 Generals, for instance, 93 Colonels, 145 Majors, 374 Captains, 848 Lieutenants, and thousands of N.C.O.'s and men have enrolled for the well-known Pelman Course of Mind and Memory Training, and are daily finding it of the utmost use to them in their profession.

Under the White Ensign.

Men of the Senior Service are not a whit behind their comrades on land in their appreciation of this system. Witness the testimony of *Truth*. "Pelman students," says this famous journal, "are borne on the strength of no less than 128 vessels in commission to-day. Indeed, wherever the White Ensign flies, there will be found a Pelman student striving with might and main for that efficiency which is the watchword of the Navy." Over 300 Naval Officers, including three Admirals, and any number of Warrant Officers, Petty Officers and men are training their minds in this way and thus making themselves more efficient.

The Brains of Business.

And behind the Army and Navy, backing up their efforts, are thousands of men and women in business, in offices, in factories, on the land, and in munition works, who, too, are training their minds on scientific lines in order that they may work better, produce more efficiently, avoid waste effort, and become more capable in every way. As a consequence they are securing better positions and earning more money.

Practical Results Secured.

Here are a few of the practical results secured by those who are following this system:

"It has increased my turnover and salary." "My turnover has beaten all previous records." "It has secured me promotion." "It has increased my business." "I have doubled my salary." "It has made my memory perfect." "I have secured a £50 advance." "I have trebled my income." "My salary has been doubled." "It has made me a much better business man." "It has given me a self-confidence I never had before." "In less than three weeks I have practically doubled my income."

Training the Mind.

The marvellous results secured by those who follow the System are due to the following facts. Scientific mental training strengthens the mind just as scientific physical exercise strengthens the body. The muscles develop when trained, so does the mind. And by following for a few weeks the simple rules laid down in the Pelman Course you strengthen your mind in every direction, you double its capacity, you save all waste of effort, and you are able to do double the amount of work you previously did with much greater ease and efficiency.

Weaknesses Banished.

By means of this system—which is followed by thousands of successful men and women—you banish all such mental weaknesses as forgetfulness, confused thought, indecision, indefiniteness, brain-fag, lack of self-confidence, want of initiation, tactlessness, mind wandering, weakness of will, and all those failings and weaknesses which keep men and women "back and down," and prevent them securing that position in the world to which their natural abilities entitle them. All they lack is—*Training*.

Valuable Qualities Developed.

What is still more important, this system—and in a very short while—actually develops those strong, positive qualities which get people on and enable them to make their way swiftly to success. Amongst these qualities, developed by the Pelman System, are Concentration, Observation, Quick Perception, Strong Will, Energy, Decision, Foresight, Good Judgment, Initiative, Originality, Resourcefulness, Self-Confidence, Organising Ability, Directive Ability, and above all, a reliable never-forgetting memory for facts, figures, faces, appointments, foreign languages and data of every kind.

No "Ifs."

There are no "ifs" about the Pelman System. Study it, practise it, and your success is as certain as that day follows night. Success in any business, trade, or profession comes as a matter of course to the Pelman-trained man or woman; this has been placed beyond the possibility of doubt by the testimony of the many thousands who have taken the Pelman Course. It is, in a word, the true "royal road" to success; the most profitable investment of time that you can ever hope to make.

Three Free Gifts for You.

If you want to succeed in life, to earn more money, and to double your efficiency, you should write to-day for three publications, all of which will be sent you gratis and post free. The first is a book entitled "Mind and Memory," which tells you all about this marvellous system, and shows you how you can follow it at a great reduction in the usual fees. The second is the remarkable report recently issued by *Truth* upon this system, which, *Truth* says, "places the means of progress within reach of everyone." The third, "National Evidence," is a book containing letters from those who have taken the course, showing exactly what benefits they have received. You should certainly read these books. The information they contain will be invaluable to you. They show you how to **double your efficiency and income earning powers in a few weeks**, and they will be sent you gratis and post free, if you drop a postcard to-day to the Secretary, the Pelman Institute, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

Overseas readers should address 46, Market Street, MELBOURNE; 15, Toronto Street, TORONTO; or Club Arcade, DURBAN.

[ADVT.

TRY THIS METHOD OF

Growing Beautiful Hair

FOR 7 DAYS FREE

GIGANTIC HAIR-HEALTH OFFER

Banish Hair-Poverty by Accepting this Four-Fold Gift.

Every reader of this journal is invited to enjoy a delightfully pleasant, complete course of Hair Health and Beauty Culture FREE.

Absolutely everything necessary to conduct your home hair-health course will be sent you without cost or obligation, and if you will post the form below to-day you can commence a toilet practice that will for ever banish the impoverished, weak, dull, straggling, lifeless appearance of your hair.

For this opportunity readers are indebted to the proprietors of "Harlene Hair-Drill," whose great efforts to teach the public how to care for their personal appearance has met with such an enormous response in every part of the world.

MILLIONS PRACTISE "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL"

Millions of men and women who take pride in a youthful, smart, well-groomed appearance practise "Harlene Hair Drill," just as you are freely invited to do to-day.

The complete Four-Fold Outfit that awaits your acceptance is detailed in the centre of this announcement, and, as will be seen, includes everything necessary to grow an abundance of healthy, beautiful hair. Firstly, a supply of "Harlene," the wonderful tonic Food that compels the weakest hair shafts to new strength and vitality. Hair poverty cannot exist when "Harlene" is applied. In addition you receive a supply of the delightful Cremex Shampoo Powder, the ideal hair-cleansing preparation, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill," also a bottle of Uzon Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the Hair and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry," and, lastly, the full secret "Harlene Hair-Drill Manual."

The most famous, beautiful Actresses—Ellaline Terriss, Shirley Kellogg, Gina Palerme—the world's most famous Cinema stars, the leaders of fashion, all proclaim "Harlene Hair-Drill" the ideal method of growing hair.

If you are troubled with

1. THINNING HAIR	5. SPLITTING HAIR
2. SCURF	6. OVER-GREASINESS
3. DANDRUFF	7. OVER-DRYNESS
4. DOLLNESS	8. BALDNESS

"Harlene Hair-Drill" is for you. Enjoy your week's test free.

You can always obtain further supplies from your chemist—"Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., or 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Solidified Harlene" for travellers, etc., at 2s. 9d. per tin; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. & 2s. 6d.; "Cremex" at 1s. per box of 7 shampoos (single 2d. each).

Any or all of these preparations will be sent to you, post free, on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed. Write to-day.

There are thousands of people to-day suffering from Hair troubles who, by accepting the splendid Hair Beauty Gift offered here, could unquestionably not only overcome these troubles, but greatly enhance the appearance of their hair. One million "Harlene Hair Drill" Outfits are to-day offered to the public, and if you take pride in your appearance you will accept one of these Four-fold Gifts.

FREE 'HAIR-DRILL' COUPON

To EDWARDS' HARLENE, LIMITED. 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit-st., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Gift Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps, cost of carriage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted).

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ADDRESS .....

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"John Bull." 24/3/17

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THERE is nothing to equal Hall's Wine as a safeguard against the uncertainties of the weather or as a re-builder of health and strength after attacks of Influenza or other ailments. Hall's Wine taken NOW may save you serious breakdown or months of suffering.

Hall's Wine does what it claims to do—that is why so many doctors are prescribing it—that is why we give our well-known Guarantee with every bottle. Don't hesitate—don't run risks—let Hall's Wine ensure your safety during this trying weather.

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME RESTORATIVE.

A Doctor writes:—"After Influenza, the tonic and restorative powers of Hall's Wine are marvellous." (*Original on file*)

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If, after taking half of it, you feel no real benefit, return to us the half-empty bottle and we refund outlay.

Extra Large Size, 3/9 *Of Wine Merchants, licensed Grocers, &c.*

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Makes **36 FILTERED MOUTHPIECE** or 22 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes), with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 7 for 1d. Bust tobacco, 4 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Sore Throats, and save 30 per cent. tobacco as there is **No waste**. Any tobacco can be used. Only weighs ½oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. Ladies can use it.

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Nickel, 1/- Silver-Plated, 1/6; Silver 5/- Paper Tubes, 1,000, 1/6; 500, 10d., post free.

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is the best remedy for bronchitis of children. Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep a tin handy and use when required. Attacks will be prevented and peaceful sleep ensured. So that you may prove its value, accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" Tells all about the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day.

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John Bull .....

BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

There is no boxer in this or any country the equal of Jimmy Wilde, nor is there one who fights like he does. He is a marvel; by a wondrous gift he makes the impossible possible. We have established laws that have to do with style. But Wilde, with a daring that I am sure is unconscious, follows no stereotyped notions; rules, if he has ever thought of them, he smashes to smithereens—and yet he is invincible. In his contest with Clark, at the National Sporting Club, when men at the ring side told of all the boxing there has been for well nigh half a century, the greatness of Wilde made the oldest campaigner tingle with admiration and wonder. I go back to the long past—when there were greater boxers, at least in point of numbers, than there are now—but I make bold to say that in the big gallery of great men that my recollection spread out before me I cannot hit upon one who was better.

Little men were never a popular fashion—I mean men of really "no" weight—but this farthing-faced Welshman, with his skinny arms, his little dull eyes, and apparently supreme indifference, has insisted that at least one "pigmy" of the ring shall have as strong and as great a following as any man who ever set out to earn a living by fighting. His very physical insignificance is the *raison d'etre* of his immense popularity, and seldom has the National Sporting Club been so crowded as it was on the occasion of his latest fight, when he made the fly-weight belt his own and earned a life pension of £1 per week.

Against Clark, who I am sure suffered much to get down to weight, he began by using his hands as a man would who seeks to claw and paw. His body he set swinging; his right hand hung low; there was no attempt to show a defence after the approved or accepted fashion. He would lead with his feet off the floor; those who did not know him must have imagined that he was courting trouble. But he possesses a wonderful sense of distance; the quickness with which he can discover precisely what his opponent can do is amazing. Wilde poises his body in such a way that he reduces the power of leverage to a high art. Clark will, I am sure, confess that never has his head been sent back with such a resounding and sickly snap as it was by Wilde. The blow was not a mighty one in the sense that every ounce of weight that could be put into it was revealed—it was a blow that came easily, naturally. For all the world Wilde reminds me of the big golfer. His hits and swings are effortless—they tell of perfect timing.

I am asked whether I think it possible to find a man who can do 8 stone without punishment likely to beat Wilde. Without hesitation I say "No." Not in England, not in America I am sure, is there to be found such a man. If there is, we should see the fight of the age.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DAILY SKETCH":—
"The capture of Bagdad . . . is the WORST disaster the Turks could suffer, and SECOND ONLY to the capture of Constantinople."

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"The Queen replied with the MONOSYLLABLE 'Potatoes'!"

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"One sees in streets and lanes quite a number of leisured MEN, mostly OVER HALF-A-SCORE YEARS OF AGE."

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"A telegram from Mexico City announces that General Carranza has been elected President of the AMERICAN Republic."

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My System has abolished all necessity for key-board drudgery. It is now possible to obtain in a few months a mastery of the piano often unobtainable even after years of laborious practising for several hours daily.

Sir Frederick Bridge and other eminent musicians highly recommend and use the System. No apparatus or specially written score.

The quickest and most certain way to permanent mastery of the piano.

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Send for my FREE BOOK "Light on Pianoforte Playing."

This book explains fully how I teach the System by a series of Postal Lessons and the fee I charge. The lessons are adapted to the requirements of pianists of all grades of proficiency. Apply for booklet to-day, **but do not omit** to state whether average or advanced player, or, if a beginner, whether you can or cannot play at sight a simple hymn tune. A penny stamp must be sent for postage.

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Write now for my Lists of Bicycle Bargains.—**PREMIERS, HUMBERS, CENTAURS, SWIFTS, TRIUMPHS, ROVERS, RAGLANS, COURT ROYALS, &c.** The cream of the Coventry makes from **£5** cash. (*Maker's price*, £10 10s.) Easy payments to suit your own pocket. 10 days' approval. Money saving lists and expert advice free from **GEORGE KING, The Great Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY.** Half shop prices

Chairman Juniors

are really good. . . . They are Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold at 3d. for 10 everywhere.

R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go uncallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1916.*

India Once More.

We have a complaint from a battalion in India, that they have been compelled to drill in the fierce sun in full marching order, including pack and 100 rounds of ammunition. They do not mind being turned into mules in a decent climate, but they naturally object to it when the heat is something like 125 degrees.

South Africa's Happy.

We receive, with pleasure, a constant stream of letters of thanks from our South African Contingent brothers, who have now been placed on the Colonial rate of pay. We were glad to do our best for the men, and acknowledge the assistance given to us by political and Press friends in South Africa.

Leave at Ripon.

From what we gather, a great deal of discontent prevails among the men under the Northern Command at Ripon, with regard to the niggardly leave granted to them. All work and no play is apt to make Tommy, like Jack, a dull boy. Other things being equal, the Commanding Officer who gets the best out of his men is the one who gives them leave home whenever he is able to do so, fair turn and turn about. No doubt military exigencies must come first—Tommy quite understands that. At Ripon his complaint is that leave home is not given when it could be. Having called attention to the complaint, we must leave its rectification to those principally concerned.

A Sad Story from Salisbury.

Troops in the camps on Salisbury Plain thank us for the improvement we have been instrumental in having made there. They, however, complain about an order recently issued—that in future no canteen is to sell foodstuffs of any description to the men. What are the underfed and hungry Tommies to do?

Trouble at Towcester.

Some time ago troops in camp at Towcester rather overstepped the mark in signalising their discontent, and their action might be described by a word that is ugly in military parlance. A general Court Martial followed, and some of the men are now doing 12 months' imprisonment. Unfortunately, the condition of the camp does not appear to have improved, and we suggest that the Officer Commanding might pay it a visit and make an investigation.

The Hungry Army.

We have a complaint from the troops at Allerthorpe that they are on the border of starvation, short rations being the order of the day. They are suffering in good company, as the bulk of the home army appear to be men upon whom some Military Food Controller is practising, with a view to reporting the minimum amount of food upon which men can exist. Does the Treasury bag the money represented by the amount of food that Tommy does *not* get?

An Officer's Grievance.

Ten days is the usual leave for an officer from the Front, and he may occasionally spend six of these in coming to England and returning. Should his family happen to be located in Scotland or Ireland, his wife usually finds it necessary to come to London to meet him, in order to have as much of his company as possible during his all-too-short leave. We consider that two extra days should be granted to officers living in the "Tearful Island" or the "Land of Cakes."

A Medical "Oversight."

The other day an inquest was held on a soldier who was passed into the highest category for service in January, and who died of meningitis, pneumonia, and clots in the vessels of the heart. Dr. Davidson, of the R.A.M.C., was man enough to tell the Coroner that all these things should have been discovered at the medical examination, and that the man ought to have been promptly rejected or passed into Class C3—which is the lowest denomination. We quite agree.

The Skipper's Story.

Masters in charge of mine-sweepers and drifters round the British Isles complain that they are not granted any of the privileges of a warrant officer, being treated as "common seamen." They get the same bedding as their men, take the same watches, and have to be up for all calls. Owing to the scanty scale of victualling, they have constantly to dip into their pockets to buy food, and are subject to the discipline that prevails on a flagship. A Court Martial awaits the man who is supposed to show the slightest neglect, and when "guilty" he is fleeced of much of his pay. In a small craft commanded by a lieutenant, two mates are allowed, and the lieutenant keeps no watch. Why should this be?

Sub-Lieut. A. E. Bottomley, R.N.V.R.

We shall be glad of any information respecting this officer, whose cap was recently picked up at sea.

Our Pensions Inquiry Department.

By Our Pensions Expert.

"H.M.S. Dryad" (Chatham).—Age pensions of 2s. 11d. and 5s. 3d. a week may be granted out of the Greenwich Funds to Naval and Marine life pensioners. The grant is at the discretion of the Admiralty, and I would advise you to apply for it.

C. P. O. (Plymouth).—After 22 years' qualifying service, you will be entitled to a pension for life, amounting to £40 or £50 a year.

"Connaught Ranger" (Mullingar). — I had your case looked into, and your pension will be raised—probably by 2s. 6d. a week.

P. J. B. (Leyton).—The malady which caused your discharge having increased, you should put in for an extra pension. If you will send me the number of your paper, I will have the matter looked into for you.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

The wife, child, and old mother of a soldier at the Front were under notice of eviction—the youngster at the time being ill. We eased the matter for them, and obtained a supplementary allowance for the infant, the mother not even knowing she was entitled to it.

A soldier's wife was confined, and complications set in. We gave her assistance, and put her in touch with the Statutory Committee, who have granted her extra money during her illness.

A soldier came home from camp to bury his wife, who was not insured. He was short of money for funeral expenses, and we supplied it.

The widow of a soldier, who died from wounds, lost her child, and has another in the infirmary. The woman herself is delicate and cannot work. We immediately took the necessary steps on her behalf.

A soldier was discharged, having lost his arm, and is now in hospital for an operation. His wife, being a week behind in the payment of her rent, received from the landlord notice to leave her house. She applied to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society without success; but when the matter was brought to our notice we acted as our patrons would wish us to do. The home is now saved.

The widow of a munitions worker found herself in distress, and applied to the Prince of Wales' Fund in vain. They sent her to a Birmingham charitable institution, which also refused assistance, telling her that she should look for help to her father—a man of seventy years of age who is without means! We sent her a sum of money sufficient to tide her over her pressing troubles.

An Irish widow, who lost her son at the Front, has a pension of 5s. a week. She is ill and unable to work, and has few friends—but she found one in us when we learned of her distress.

Another widow was supported by her only son before he was called up and sent to the Front. She is now very ill, and has only a small separation allowance to support her. She was behind with her rent, and was practically starving until her case was brought before us.

A delicate lad was taken for the Army, and—like so many other semi-invalids called to the Colours—broke down and died under the stress of training, leaving his mother and a little sister unprovided for. The woman appealed to the Military authorities for assistance, but was refused "under regulations." She came to Long Acre, and we did what we could for her.

An old soldier in a Union Infirmary is approaching "lights out." His craving was for tobacco and small comforts. We were glad to visit him and make him happy in his last days.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

R. W., 1s. 1d.; "Your Old Well-Wisher and True Friend," 2s. 6d.; J. W., 3s.; M. W. F. (Urmston), 2s. 6d.; "A Regular Reader," 2s. 6d.; J. C. (Burford), £1; Mrs. M., 1s.; G. W. (Doncaster), £1; W. E. T. (Brixton), 1s.; "Auntie Nell," 2s.; "Surplus R. of H.," 4s. 6d.; "Two Boys of the Salonica Forces," 5s.; M. G. W., 1s. 6d.; T. B. I., 3s.; "A Few C.P.O.'s, H.M.S. *Dueer*" (per S. O. L.), £1 5s.; S. C., 2s.; Mrs. H. W., 2s.; "The Idiot," 5s.; "Cheero" (Leaful), £5; "S. African Railway Guard," 5s.; "Constant Worker" (Burnley), 1s.; "Bostal Wood," 5s.; G. L. P., 6d.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; S. J., 2s. 6d.; K. K. K., 2s.; "Bognor," 6d.; L. W (Darlington), 2s. 6d.; S. J. B. (Johannesburg), 10s.; Mrs. A. M. B., 1s.; M. D., 2s.; Forward Crew of H.M.T. *St. John* (per O. N.), 8s. 6d.; H. M. (Moscow), 2s. 4d.; M. C., 6d.; Two Weeks' Collection, Messrs. Short Bros., Aeroplane Works, Eastchurch, £2 3s.; "Mar" (Blairgowrie), 1s.; A. L. A., 2s.; Pte. T. H. S., 1s.; H. E. W. (New Brighton), 2s.; J. S. Y. (Leith), 5s.; "Taxi Driver 5278," 1s.; R. E. O., 2s. 6d.; "Shaykyt," 10s.; W. R., £1; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "A Few Friends at the Kowloon Cricket Club," £7 8s. 7d.; W. N. S. (Brechin), 2s. 6d.; E. H., 1s.

COLLECTING BOXES.

London.—Mr. F. Huggins, "Brunswick Arms," Stamford Street, S.E., 3s.; Councillor E. Franklin, "Queen's Head," 48, Broad Street, Albert Embankment, 3s.; Mr. H. Hooton, "Butchers Arms," 256, York Road, N., 4s. 1d.; Mr. C. E. Marshall, "Sultan's Head," Rossington Street, Upper Clapton, 5s. 3½d.; Mr. J. Mella, "Silver Trumpet," 472, Commercial Road, E., 2s. 8½d.; Mr. C. H Elliston, "King's Arms," Moreland Street, City Road, E.C., 2s. 11d.; Miss M. E. Fitzroy, Hotel Curzon, Mayfair, 3s. 6d.; Mr. J. E. Neal, "Blue Posts," Charlotte Street, W., 2s. 10d.

"I have experienced a Most Remarkable return of Energy, both Mental and Physical."

So writes the Well-known Author of "The White Slaves of England," after using a Wonderful Food Reconstructive that produces a Marvellous increase of nervous Force and Energy.

ANY PERSON CAN RECEIVE A LIBERAL TRIAL SUPPLY ON REQUEST.

THE CAUSE of exhausted nerves and nerve exhaustion is understood by very few people.

Briefly, the nervous system is composed of millions of nerve cells which are supplied—when a person is in perfect health—with a precious nutritive substance extracted in minute quantities from the daily food. This essential substance reaches the countless nerve cells in the form of **organised** phosphorus. Worry, strain, anxiety, excess or overwork creates an extra wastage and proportionately greater demand for this all important sustenance, and then the **normal** quantity extracted from one's daily nourishment becomes insufficient and "nerve" starvation with consequent exhaustion is the result.

This in a nutshell is the explanation of most nervous disorders.

Watch These Symptoms. Here are some of the ailments caused by this starved condition of the nerve cells. Read down the list.

—SLEEPLESSNESS.
—GENERAL DEBILITY.
—PAINS IN BACK.
—INABILITY TO CONCENTRATE YOUR MIND. —BAD MEMORY.
—HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA.
—BRAIN FAG. —IRRITABILITY.
—LOSS OF ENERGY.
—DIZZINESS.
—DEPRESSION AND MELANCHOLIA.
—LACK OF "FIRE" AND VIGOUR.
—EXCESSIVE SHYNESS AND TIMIDITY.
—HYSTERIA. —ANAEMIA.
—INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION.
—FAILING VISION.

If the illness or weakness from which you are suffering is included, you should in your own interests *write at once,* when convincing proofs will be sent you of complete restorations to perfect health and physical enjoyment in numerous cases similar to your own.

In all these troubles the Muller Nutrient will be found to be a most valuable health restorative.

An Interesting Letter
FROM
Mr. ROBERT H. SHERARD,
THE WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR OF
"Whispers," Poems, "My First Voyage," "The White Slaves of England," "Twenty Years in Paris," "My Friends the French," "Modern Paris," etc., etc.

Dear Sirs,

I have been taking the Dr. Muller Nutrient and write to say that I have experienced a most remarkable return of energy both mental and physical. I had got so far run down that the mere writing of a post card seemed to me a herculean task. I am now back at work again and scheming a daily campaign of about 3,500 words a day. I have found that no stimulant of any kind is wanted when one is taking this preparation, and stimulants are what the nerve "run down" usually resort to.

Robert H. Sherard.

The True Restorative. The Muller Nutrient is a scientific counterpart of the natural nerve nutrient supplied through the digestive processes to healthy nerves. You take this concentrated nutrient through the organs of digestion and it is rapidly assimilated by the semi-starved nerve cells and gives them renewed health, strength and vitality.

The Muller preparation is not a tonic, stimulant nor medicine. It is just a very valuable food and is masticated like ordinary food.

It is a sure "reconstructor" of strong and healthy nerves and it acts on the nervous system in the same natural way as good digestible food acts upon a starved and emaciated body. Besides nourishing and rebuilding the nerves, the Muller Nutrient enriches the blood and strengthens and increases the white corpuscles, those guardians of the blood against germs and disease. After taking this remarkable preparation for a few days, you feel different, brighter, stronger and more energetic—in short, more "vital" in every way.

A Warning Note. Drugs and Tonics are useless in nerve troubles. Often they are actually dangerous. As well try and roll up a hill as expect to rectify nerve starvation by such futile treatment.

In this lightning age, numerous people suffer from some form of nerve trouble. The unwise resort to tonics and stimulants, to find in due course that the fleeting effect of this passing stimulation has worn off, leaving them, in many cases, worse than before.

Any member of the Medical Profession in Active Practice, sending his card, will be supplied post free, with a large box of the Muller Nutrient, TOGETHER WITH THE COMPLETE FORMULA. The very fact of this offer being made proves that this preparation is exactly what it is claimed to be—A Genuine and Easily Assimilable Restorative for Exhausted Nerves.

Write To-Day. The Muller Laboratories have put aside 10,000 full-sized boxes of the Muller Nutrient for distribution amongst readers suffering from any nervous ailment. Each box contains sufficient to last for seven days. By writing for it to-day you can obtain the whole week's supply for 6 stamps. You are asked to enclose 6 stamps only. That is all it costs you. In return, the box of the Muller Nerve-Nutrient will be sent you.

With this week's trial course of the Muller Nutrient will be sent full directions for use and a presentation copy of Dr. Muller's Book on the Nervous System and its requirements for health. Published at 1s., this book will also be sent you FREE.

This generous offer is only intended to be taken advantage of once, and only one trial supply can be sent to the same person.

Send up your full name and address with six penny stamps to 554, The Muller Laboratories, 144, Albany Street, London, N.W., and the booklet and a package containing seven days' Trial Supply of the Nutrient will be sent free in a plain sealed cover.

Sufferers and Inquirers calling at the Consulting Offices, 144, Albany Street, London, N.W., can see the Acting Consultant, who will be pleased to give Expert Advice entirely Free of Charge.

The Muller Nutrient can be ordered from Boots' Branches and from all high-class Chemists in the United Kingdom.

NOTICE!
A Guaranteed British Product under British Control and Ownership.

The Dr Muller Nutrient
A True Nerve Restorative free of Baneful Drugs

Price from 2/6 a Box of all good Chemists. Superior to All Nerve Foods in "Powder" Form.

My Feet are Just Aching for "TIZ."

"How glorious how grand TIZ makes tired, swollen, sore, perspiring feet feel."

"It's just wonderful the relief TIZ gives!"

When you get home from the factory, just take your shoes off, and then put those weary, aching, burning feet of yours in a TIZ bath. The pain ceases at once, and the relief comes as a tremendous joy!

When your feet feel like lumps of lead—all tired out—just try TIZ. It's grand—it's glorious. Also you will find it takes all pain from corns, hard skin, bunions, and chilblains.

There's nothing like TIZ. It's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause foot torture.

Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores—don't wait. Ah! how glad your feet become; how comfortable your shoes feel. Standing all day won't tire you then one little bit. And be generous! Send a box to your boy at the Front—*he* needs TIZ as much as you do.

BUNIONS

Foment with hot water at night, then keep a piece of lint with the world-famous

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT

constantly applied, which will effect a certain cure.

1/3 per box of all Drug Stores Chemists.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

Send Two Stamps for a Free Sample.

J. B. ALBERT & CO.,
73, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4

FREE TO YOU!

Send a post-card at once to H. Samuel for his

BIG FREE BOOK of 3,000 BARGAINS

in Jewellery, Watches, Plate, etc., at next to Factory Prices. Handsome Free Prizes for all buyers. Full month's trial allowed. WRITE TO-DAY!

IMPORTANT! London purchasers, make sure of the name H. Samuel before you enter the shop. We have no connection with any other firm of a similar name. *Branches in all principal towns.*

H. SAMUEL,
199, Market St., Manchester.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as *they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.* LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and, in the case of* LEGAL *inquiries, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.* FINANCIAL *and* INSURANCE *inquiries should be addressed to the Editor,* CITY JOHN BULL, *and be accompanied by a similar postal order. Full names and addresses should be given.*

To Our Readers: We direct special attention to the notice on page 6, urging the placing of definite orders with newsagents for this journal. If you don't do so, you run a considerable risk of finding the "sold out" sign everywhere.

F. J. R. (B.E.F.).—We were not aware that we had a son. But if we had, nothing would please us better than to know that he is billeted in the constituency of our hero, the late Charles Bradlaugh.

L.-Corp. R.—"To save his comrades he picked up a 12-inch shell on the point of exploding, flew with it along the trench and threw it over the parapet." As such a shell weighs about 850lbs., no wonder he got the M.M.

D. S. (Richmond).—"What odds are Lloyds offering against guessing exact date of peace?" Sure your correct initials are not "D. F."?

C. L. C. (Custom House).—As we have often said, our sympathies are entirely with coloured men who are British subjects, and we would gladly see them employed at sea and in battle.

L. S. (Peel).—Your idea is to tattoo all alien enemies with their names, etc. To what portion of their anatomy would you apply the ink and the puncture?

A. S. (Canterbury).—What shall we do with the interned Huns after the war? We cannot think of anything better than to give them a good send off.

G. C. (Southfields).—While all are clamouring for and many are getting War bonuses, we notice that Tommy, who is doing the fighting, gets none.

"Drifter Patrol" (Falmouth).—"Eighty men offered themselves for the destruction of submarines—and are made to unload colliers." May such fine lads soon have the wish of their eighty gallant hearts!

"A Working Man" (Yorkshire).—We agree that the food problem will have to be handled in a far more business-like fashion if the peril of famine is to be averted. Thanks for your letter.

"Dabbie" (Nantwich).—So you think that Admiral Beatty was born "three miles out of Nantwich," instead of at Wexford, as we have stated. But what does it matter, as long as he is in the right berth now?

"American Admirer" (Colchester).—Glad to hear of the Allies' bazaar at Chicago. A happy idea that of pinning "greenbacks" on to the clothing of a wounded hero. Bet it was the best overcoat he ever had on.

"Old Reader" (Ireland).—If we are "singularly quiet" on a particular theme it does not follow that we have changed our views. If we printed the same thing every week, we shouldn't count our circulation in seven figures.

V. A. D. (Edinburgh).—You may have noticed that the food supplies of interned Huns have at length been reduced to "rational" proportions.

Pte. A. J. J. (Isle of Sheppey).—Afraid we cannot get you "a place at the Admiralty for helping to sink U-boats." Man named Jellicoe seems to have collared the billet.

S. H. R. K. (Frettenham).—Absurd to expect the thrashing machine could hang about for days while the military routed out three men to help. That is not assisting the farmer.

"A Soldier's Wife" (Hampstead).—"If they want us women to bring children into the world, why cannot they build places for them to live in?" "No children taken" is a shameful cry.

P. C. (Tarleton).—"One lady bought 7s. worth of meat for her dogs; another lady feeds her cat on tinned salmon, while the country is alive with sparrows." They are not ladies.

"Teetotal" (City).—"Defeat? The Truth about the Betrayal of Britain" is a calculated and characteristic misrepresentation, by pumpur tans, of the effects of "drink" on the course of the war.

"Jasper" (Ascot).—We decline to particularise "the seven stinks of Bagdad." It will be a bit cleaner now. As for those of Cologne, where the perfume comes from, we have never counted 'em.

"Marie" (Hull).—Evolution equals involution. If you put a few smiles into life you are sure to get a few out again.

"Humble Reader" (Stoke Newington) has dreamt that "fighting in this war will cease on 15th May." It was said long ago that our old men should dream dreams and our young men see visions. That's the day we left Parliament, by the way.

G. E. W. (Heilbron, O.F.S., South Africa).—You are right. The Germhun submarine menace is serious, but we are trying our hardest to get even—*and we shall.*

A. W. L. (Walton-on-Thames).—Were we to publish each week a list of the glaring sins of omission and commission of the "Old Gang" since August, 1914, under the heading "Lest we Forget," we should not have space to remember anything else.

J. H. E. (Tottenham).—It is indubitably true that the thousands of men in isolated camps throughout the country, wasting their time peeling potatoes, would be better employed *sowing* the said tubers.

D. C. (New York).—"Would to God America had some men like you!" We shall have to train an understudy and send him over. There will, apparently, be plenty of time before Wilson declares war.

W. H. C. (Crediton).—While we welcome the Bishop of London's statement that he is "combing out the curates," we wish he would find time to brush up some of the vicars. We heard a sermon from one the other day that—well, words fail us.

E. C. S. (Fulham).—The complaint about confiscated seats at Fulham came from Specials over military age, or it would not have been inserted. Specials fit for the army, from Fulham or elsewhere, should be in the army.

"A Merchant Sailor."—Now that you have "got a gun," you remember your murdered mates, and hope to get your own back. We wish you may get it!

W. P. (St. James's Square).—Have no truck with any matrimonial agency. Find your own girl.

SISTER M. B. (Killarney).—We are doing all we can for poor Annie Matson. Cannot say more now, but we have not been idle.

MISS C. V. W.—The National Penny Bank scandal closes with depositors losing 2s. 7d. in the £. It is wicked, but might have been much worse.

MISS M. B.—Went to the booking office and, forgetfully, asked for "a ticket to JOHN BULL," did you, dear? Our grief is that they did not give you one.

H. V. (Narberth).—"46 years have I been in this vale of tears and never written to an Editor before." A blameless life smirched by one thoughtless act.

"A SUB-SECTION" (Fermoy).—We approve of Tommies being compelled to carry switches or swagger canes. A soldier walking abroad with nothing in his hand looks slommicky.

T. A. M. (Middlesbrough).—We accept your statement that you "do not profess to be a Hilaire Belloc or a Colonel Maude." Both those gentlemen should be relieved to know this.

MRS. E. E. C. (Lowestoft).—Sorry you were "rudely pushed away by a burly policeman," but perhaps you would have been even more offended if he had clasped you to his manly breast!

"AN OLD READER" (A.S.C., Bath).—You are correct in your calculation that the war has already lasted "quite a considerable time." Did you do it in your head?

A. H. (Holyrood).—This genius suggests that ships should carry a tube to catch torpedoes "by both sides top and bottom leaving the point clear," the tube "on a swivel, able to lower or heighten." "Another idea" is to "open the tube at both ends, so as to let the torpedo go right through." *What* a brain!

"PATRIOTIC CANADIAN" (Pontypridd).—It is an immense relief to know that you are not going back to Canada—not yet, at any rate. On hearing the glad tidings we pecked at a little food.

"ASTWOOD."—If the man was a traveller, and now struts about badged as assistant-manager, he should start travelling again—to France.

"SURPRISED" (Lincoln).—No; you are not the only one. Quite a large number of competitors have won a "Bullets" prize with their first attempt.

"JOHN BULL READERS" (Bermondsey).—"Each time the governer comes round he shout in the girls' ears and it make them so bad that he upsets there nerves." Shout down the back of his neck when he isn't looking, and see him jump.

"CONSTANT READER" (Spalding).—"No wagons on railway to spare for carrying potatoes, yet there were trolley loads of cut blooms." A blooming shame.

J. M. (Sailors' Home).—"Certain ships have been lying idle at Invergordon ever since war broke out." You supply the names, and we should like to know why they are idle when wanted.

J. B. (Taly Cafn).—"Why should we be paying large sums to Haldane and Asquith? They ought to be in the Chamber of Horrors. Judas Iscariot was never in it." No, it wasn't built in his time.

C. K. (Cairo).—Have nothing to do with Hugh McKean and his Mail Order fakement. We note that in January, 1917, he advised Germany as a field for "Mail Order" business! Did not that choke you off?

W. H. C. (Boston).—"W. B. Beaulah (22), joint manager, Standish House, applied for by J. and J. Beaulah; exemption till June 30th." And single, too. Ever heard the old hymn, "Sweet Beaulah land"?

"WIFE AND SISTER."—Yes, the pay of the Motor Transport Tommy looks blue by the side of that offered to women drivers.

"DONE HIS BIT." (Dudley).—We have noticed that Licensing Justices have ordered publicans to get out of munition factories and back to the bar—or lose their licence. We hope this straight tip will be good news to you.

"WAR BONUS" (Clapham).—Surely you know Count Zeppelin is dead? Communicate with him at his present address.

PTE. A. G. B. (Redmaid's Hospital).—Thanks very much. A soldier's wife without children is not entitled to the increased allowance. She still gets 9s. (in London, 12s. 6d.) from the Government, and 3s. 6d. allotted from her husband's pay.

PTE. A. D. (B.E.F.).—"If 1½ cats eat 1½ rats in 1½ minutes' how many cats will be required to eat 100 rats in 50 minutes?" We gave this to the office boy, who answered "Rats!"

"TOMMY" (Woolwich).—Glad to hear the boys training in your vicinity are so appreciative of the Rev. Ishmael Lewis as to regard him as "one of the best." If you all think so, he must be.

T. G. (Sussex).—"As you have not sent the answer to my postcard which I sent in answer to the one word work I have now sent you the answer which is the man how rode the ass which is called donkey." Sorry we don't understand all the foreign languages.

"ONE WHO WAS THERE" (Belfast).—We would have liked to have been behind that pig of a restaurant manager in Belfast, with our whip, when he ordered out the lad in khaki who had formerly worked there and had called to see his friends. We would have had a middle cut.

MR. BARRY (58, Beck Road, Hackney, N.E.) recently found a "For Services Rendered" badge in Gibraltar Walk, Bethnal Green. The discharged soldier who lost it should apply at above address, giving the number of the badge.

W. J. (Watford) declares that Watford is "a paradise for the shirker." Time the recruiting serpent sharpened his fangs.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Broughton) tells us that a "B 1 man, driving children to cookery classes, has to join up. His job goes to younger man, A 1, at more money, six months' exemption because of the important work." Whew! Any influential friends or relatives?

MRS. S. P. (Bangor).—If there be any intolerant, abusive priest more or less terrorising young girls in your neighbourhood, rest assured we have got our eye on him. Let the girls take their courage in both hands and stick to the boys they care for. These ridiculous sectarian barriers must be broken down.

"DRAIG GLAS" (Leigh).—Why, in the name of Mike, should you object to your age being posted up outside the works where you are employed? If yours was the only one you might have grounds for complaint. Is it that you are older than you look, or look older than you are?

ELIZABETH ROZYCKI, age 35 (?), fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, formerly in domestic service, is inquired for by her brother, who is proceeding to the Front. She should write to the office of this paper.

C. I. B. (Kildare Barracks).—If we had our way, the enemy Princes would be deprived of all pensions, payments and property in the U. K., as well as of their British titles, and forbidden ever to set foot in this country again.

"PATRIOTIC KNIGHT OF THE RAZOR" (Hull).—Thanks for your letter. *Our* Barber presents his compliments to a Comrade of the Comb.

I will teach You to Play the Piano Brilliantly, **without Practice-Drudgery.** Fatigue or Failure. You shall learn more from a few easy correspondence lessons than years of ordinary study and practice-drudgery can ever give you. **Thousands have done so for twelve years.** Modern, progress-compelling methods applied to **ordinary music.** Send a Postcard for Free Copy of my interesting, illustrated book,

"MIND, MUSCLE, AND KEYBOARD,"

which explains my methods and shows what my students say my System has done for their playing, and **judge for yourself what it can do for you.** I have also a course for **Beginners,** *who need not know a note.* Give merely full address (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and add the word Advanced, Moderate, Elementary or Beginner, as the case may be.

A Recent Letter.

"I am delighted with your System, and entertain the highest idea of yourself as a thorough teacher."
(Rev.) P. G. (Midlothian).

MR. H. BECKER,
81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PHOSPHATE DOUBLES VALUE OF FOOD,

MAINTAINS STRENGTH & INCREASES VIM, VIGOUR AND VITALITY.

Never before has there been so much public discussion of the relative values of various foods, but the most important phase of the whole subject has been overlooked and passed by. We learn that one article possesses greater food value than another, but the term "food value" is not clearly defined. Food is eaten to satisfy hunger, but if we merely eat of available foods until hunger is appeased, we display no greater intelligence than the animals. Average men and women of to-day though take a real interest in what they eat, and carefully select foods suitable to their needs. Careful observation will show that foods rich in phosphate are being chosen to-day, because it is well known that the phosphate extracted from such foods by the process of digestion is quickly absorbed by the nerves and transformed into much-needed strength, vigour and vitality. Nervous strength is the source and foundation of all strength, both mental and physical, and phosphate is the only known element capable of creating nervous strength. Thus we see the importance of daily supplying the nerves with a sufficiency of phosphate. But it is not necessary that the whole of this phosphate should be derived from food by the laborious process of digestion. A far better plan is to eat moderately of plain, inexpensive, easily digested foods and then take a 5-grain tablet of *bitro-phosphate* immediately after every meal. *Bitro-phosphate* is a pure natural product which actually doubles the nerve nutrient value of all foods. It is readily absorbed by the nerves and almost immediately transformed into vital nervous energy, thus increasing strength and raising the vitality of the body to a high level. *Bitro-phosphate* can be obtained from the chemist, 2s. 6d. being the price usually charged for sufficient tablets to last a fortnight. (ADVT.)

"BULLETS"—PLEASURE AND PROFIT COMBINED.

2ND PRIZE £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 PRIZES OF £2:10

Closing Date, Thursday, March 29th.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(230) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____
Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 230, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, March 29th.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(230) P.O No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If two coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, March 29th.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(230) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, March 29th.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(230) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

Signed _____
Address _____

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION, No. 230.

THE COMING PUSH
THE RUSSIAN NATION
GENERAL MAUDE
WHEN SOVEREIGN'S CHANGED
THE TURKEY TROT
WHO'S TO BLAME?
IRISH PARTY
WHEN ASQUITH EXPLAINS
FINDING POTATOES
AT DORRINGTON HALL
WELL LOOKED AFTER
BRITISH RACE
DETERMINED TO WIN
WHEN JOINING
IN THE SPRING
FUNNY FEELING
MOST UNFORTUNATE WHEN
UNFRIENDLY RELATIONS
ENGAGING NEW TYPIST
GROWING RICH
PASSING THE BOTTLE
GERMANY'S TROUBLES
MAKES FATHER SIT UP
OUR GIRLS
MAKES TOMMY HAPPY
SLOW TO MOVE
NEAR NEIGHBOURS
WE ALL HOPE
CAPITAL IDEA
THE KAISER'S PROMISE

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 20 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These Examples will help you:—
Example:—CAPITAL IDEA.
Bullet:—TOMMY THINKS EXTENDED LEAVE.

Example:—SLOW TO MOVE.
Bullet:—ALDERMAN AFTER LUNCH.

Example:—IN THE SPRING.
Bullet:—POETS FLOURISH.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated April 14th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated March 24th.

Result of "Bullets" No. 228 will be found on the opposite page. Complete list of all prize-winners in this competition can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of 228th 'bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. J. PONSFORD, 227, Edgware Road, Paddington, London, W.

Example:—UNITED STATES.
Bullet:—"SETTLED" BUT NOT "RASH."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. A. ELLESDON, 43, Alexander Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.

Example:—OLD CAT.
Bullet:—"KNOWING DOG" AVOIDS.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:—

Mr. H. SENIOR, 20, Westmoreland St., Upperthorpe, Sheffield.
Example:—KEEP SMILING.
Bullet:—"REVERSE" WITH THE GERMANS.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. C. B. HOPKINS, Glen Brae, Mossley, Congleton, Ches.: GOING THE PACE—DOESN'T "PAY ANYBODY" EVENTUALLY.

Mr. W. E. TAYLOR, 12, Craven Street, Birkenhead: KEPT WAITING—SUBMARINE FOR KAISER.

Mr. T. GLEAVE, 11, Mawbey St., S. Lambeth, London, S.W.: GERMAN FRIGHTFULNESS—"DAMAGES" WITHOUT RECKONING "COSTS." (Sent in on Free Target Coupon.)

Mr. A. SINCLAIR, Edward's Bazaar, Shrewsbury: KEPT WAITING—ASTUTE LAWYER'S ONLY CLIENT.

Mr. GORDON TRUSSELL, 33, Brooklyn Road, Seaford: UNITED STATES—"FAVOURITE" IF "STARTER"

Mr. W. CUPITT, 22, Denison Street, Nottingham: GOING THE PACE—SOME ARE "WITH PLEASURE."

Mrs. W. SNELL, Velmead Ko[illegible], Fleet, Hants: TOMMY'S RATIONS—DON'T R[illegible]AUCE, WE'LL SACRIFICE.

Mr. B. FRANCIS, 7, St. Nicholas Parade, Scarborough: BLAMING THE KAISER—TURKEY'S SHARE, PEACE CONFERENCE.

Mr. W. H. BROWN, 27, Morledge Street, Leicester: THE IDLE RICH—"DISPLAY" THEIR WEAKNESS.

Mr. W. SLEIGH, Junr., 50, Lauder Road, Edinburgh: GOING THE PACE—AGE LIMIT IN AUSTRIA.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH—

Mr. T. B. NORTH, 6, Hazelwood Rd., Davenport, Stockport: GOING THE PACE—THOSE WHO "OVERTAKE" FORTUNE.

Mrs. T. BRADLEY, 125, Broad Street, Coventry: IN AGREEMENT—ACTRESS AND POSTER SELDOM.

Mrs. C. MAUGHAN, 37, Gladstone St., Hebburn, Co. Durham: MOTHER'S ECONOMY—SAVES "MANY" A MEAL.

Mr. T. EVANS, 1, Down View, Hungerford, Berks: SWEET AND LOW—CHORUS GIRL AND WAGES.

Mrs. A. A. LONDON, 97, Main Road, Sidcup: PRETTY SMART—REPORTER WH[illegible] "SAVES" PAPER.

Mr. C. DUNBAVARD, 31, Princess Road, Urmston, near Manchester: UNITED STATES—MANY "PROPOSE" TO ENTER.

Mr. N. FRANCIS, 2, St. George's Mount, St. Leonard's-on-Sea: KEPT WAITING—GREEK SOLDIERS FOR PAY.

(Continued at top of next column.)

Continued from previous column.

Mr. G. PICKERING, 26, Markeaton Street, Derby: PLAYING WITH FIRE—SHOWING ARMY MULE WHIP.

Mr. S. HOWSON, 181, High Street, Uxbridge: MUNITION GIRLS—LEFT, BUT NOT "BEHIND."

Mr. W. J. ADAMS, Lyttelton Road, Stechford, B'ham.: PRETTY SMART—NEWSPAPERS "PROFIT" BY "LOSSES."

THE 'JOHN BULL' GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase*

COUGHS COLDS SORE THROAT.

All the Family Cured by Veno's.

Mrs. M. Holt, 13, Cyprus Street, Stretford, near Manchester, says:—"My husband got wet one day, and this caused a severe cold and cough. We tried quite a lot of things without benefit. It was a hard, hacking cough, and it persisted for weeks. However, in the end we got Veno's, and actually after some three doses he felt better, and soon there was no trace of the cough left. It has cured me of relaxed throat and cough, and I have also given it to my baby when he had a cold while teething. It has cured us all."

Mrs. Holt, Manchester

SIXPENNY BOOK FREE. Write now for the "Veno Book of Health," containing valuable information which no sufferer should be without. Address the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for

COUGHS AND COLDS, SORE THROAT TROUBLES, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA

11½d. A Bottle.

DIFFICULT BREATHING, WHOOPING COUGH, BLOOD SPITTING, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA.

Larger sizes 1/3 and 3/- (the 3/- size is the most economical). Of Chemists & Stores in all parts of the World, including leading chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Insist on having Veno and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

G. WATTS, Bryon Ivor, Pontwalby, Glyn Neath, Glam. February 24th. 072,052.

Mrs. C. ADAMSON, Billingham, nr. Chillerton, I. of W. March 3rd. 300,381.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 17th:

004,229	332,189	651,248	947,240	A287,993
067,640	370,407	683,995	965,673	A301,214
120,403	394,106	706,273	980,265	A362,600
156,181	463,240	737,520	A013,670	A375,337
193,976	498,283	762,639	A046,547	A426,452
199,234	526,716	784,189	A086,463	A453,576
217,187	548,688	820,233	A126,285	A471,371
248,519	561,286	845,222	A152,678	A536,535
287,731	582,516	866,576	A225,240	A572,324
304,827	639,758	921,950	A253,666	A584,967

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published March 29th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for March 17, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 027,196 and A482,728. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely free of charge, an insurance against ZEPPELIN or other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, MAIN, RIOT CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb, and Home. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amounts to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force. Readers may, however obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon with clause (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the schemes, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £1,000,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly powers in the British Isles—and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, as set forth, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY.

You may if you are a regular and continuous reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to our newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

March 24, 1917. .....

NOTE. Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form, you must fill in clause (a) of the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be enclosed if acknowledgment of receipt of coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT. JOHN BULL, LONG ACRE, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day (Strike out one of these.)

(a) Placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....

Newsagent, of.....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme. ..... OR .....

(b) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

March 24, 1917.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address of home .....

Milkmaid Café au Lait

A Superb Beverage

Milkmaid Café au Lait is identical with the true French Café au Lait, but far easier and quicker to make. No milk or sugar needed — you simply add boiling water and it's ready in a "jiffy," —the finest coffee you have ever tasted, and the cheapest.

Try a tin to-day, but be sure you get the genuine *Milkmaid Café au Lait*.

Of all Grocers & Stores.

Cash Price: 4d., 7½d., & 1/2½d. per tin.

SEE THE TAGS! These are the tags that cannot come off and they are fitted to Paton Laces.

Next to the annoyance of a breaking lace is the lace from which the tag has become detached; it's so difficult to get it through the eyelet holes. You are secure from this annoyance if you buy

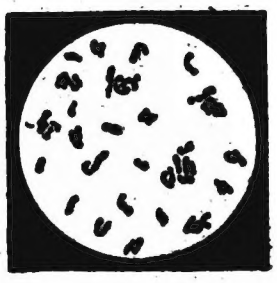
PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

for the tags cannot come off. And Paton Laces give longest wear, the smartest appearance and are most comfortable.

Boot Laces for Ladies' and Gents' wear 2d. & 3d. per pair.
Shoe Laces (flat and tabular) do. 3d. do.
Leather Laces do. 4d. & 6d. do.

Your dealer can supply them if you will ask for them by name—Paton's K58

Wm. PATON Ltd., Johnstone, Scotland.



This is a photo-micrograph of the Microbes of Catarrh, of which myriads are to be met with every day. Scientists have recommended as a useful preventive the use of

EVANS' Pastilles

Warning—*See the raised bar. Evans' Pastilles can be recognised by the raised bar on each pastille — which is registered.*

The effective precautionary measure against the Microbes of Catarrh, Influenza, Diphtheria, Pneumonia, etc.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores **1/3 per tin.**

If you have any difficulty in obtaining, send P.O. 1/3 to the Proprietors for a box—Post Free.

EVANS' SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, Ld.
56, Hanover Street, Liverpool.
Also at London and New York.

PLAYER'S COUNTRY LIFE

Tobacco

MILD and MEDIUM STRENGTHS

PER 7D. OZ.,

PER 2/4 ¼ lb. TIN

For distribution to wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at Home and for the Front at DUTY FREE PRICES.

Cigarettes

PINK PACKET
10 *for* 4D.

BLUE PACKET
10 *for* 3½D.

Larger Packings at Proportionate Prices

Terms on application to—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS
Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland) Ltd.
NOTTINGHAM

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